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7

FOR SCHOOL AND COLLEGE

# FIVE-MINUTE DECLAMATIONS

SELECTED AND ADAPTED

BY WALTER K. FOBES

ELOCUTIONIST AND PUBLIC READER, AUTHOR OF "ELOCUTION SIMPLIFIED," AND "FIVE-MINUTE RECITATIONS"

*FIRST PART.*

BOSTON

LEE AND SHEPARD PUBLISHERS

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# CONTENTS.

PAGE

America, Shall, betray herself? *Story* . . . . . 52
America, Panegyric on. *C. Phillips* . . . . . 53
American War, On the. *Chatham* . . . . . 42
American Age, The. *Winthrop* . . . . . 47
American Example. *Winthrop* . . . . . 49
American Battle-Flags. *Schurz* . . . . . 100
Agriculture and Love of Country. *Holt* . . . . . 127

Bunker Hill Monument, Foundation of. *Webster* . . . 57
Bunker Hill Monument, Dedication of. *Webster* . . . 59
Ballot-Box, The. *Chapin* . . . . . 122

Compromise Bill of 1850. *Webster* . . . . . 67
Covenanters and Charles Stuart. *Galt* . . . . . 167

Declaration of Independence, Supposed Speech against. *Webster* . . . . . 38
Declaration of Independence, Supposed Speech of John Adams for. *Webster* . . . . . 40
Disunion, Evil of. *Webster* . . . . . 75
Dartmouth College, Close of Defence of. *Webster* . . . 172
Dead, Our Honored. *H. W. Beecher* . . . . . 108

Eloquence. *Webster* . . . . . 11
Emmett's, Robert, Last Speech . . . . . 145
England, The Glorious Destiny of. *Winthrop* . . . . 156
Executive Power to be dreaded. *Webster* . . . . . 90
Enlightened Classes, Duty of. *Long* . . . . . 178

Fate of European Kings. *Meagher* . . . . . 192

Galileo Galilei. *Everett* . . . . . 143
Garfield, Death of. *Blaine* . . . . . 112
Gettysburg Cemetery, Dedication of. *Lincoln* . . . . 104
God's Ownership of the Sea. *Swain* . . . . . 173

PA

Grant, Ulysses S. *Robinson* . . . . . 1
Grant, General, the Silent Captain. *Curtis* . . . . . 1
Grant's Speech at Hamburg . . . . . 1
Great Men? Who, and What, are. *Winthrop* . . . . 1

Heroes and Martyrs, Our. *Chapin* . . . . . 1
Hofer, Defence of . . . . . 1
Honored Dead, Our. *Beecher* . . . . . 1
Howard, The Prisoners' Friend. *Humphrey* . . . . . 1

Is This All? *W. Phillips* . . . . . 1
Impeachment of Hastings, Close of. *Burke* . . . . . 1
Irish Aliens. *Shiel* . . . . . 1

Justice, Love of. *Parker* . . . . . .

Labor, Dignity of. *Hall* . . . . . 1
Labor, Nobility of. *Dewey* . . . . . 1
Liberty, Appeal for the Cause of. *Harrington* . . . . 1
Liberty, Bell of. *Headley* . . . . . .
Liberty and Knowledge. *Webster* . . . . . .
Liberty and Union. *Webster* . . . . . .
Liberty, Spirit of Human. *Webster* . . . . . .
Liberty, Temple of Human. *Holmes* . . . . . .
Lincoln, Tribute to. *Castellar* . . . . . 1
Literature, Value of, to the Union. *Choate* . . . . . 1
Log-Cabin, The. *Webster* . . . . . .

Macgregor's Defence. *Scott* . . . . . 1
Massachusetts and the Union. *Webster* . . . . . .
Matches and Overmatches. *Webster* . . . . . .
Minority, What is a? *Gough* . . . . . 1
Minute-Man? Who was the. *Curtis* . . . . . .
Minute-Men of '75. *Curtis* . . . . . .
Murderer's Secret, The. *Webster* . . . . . 1

National Character, Loss of. *Maxcy* . . . . . .
National Character, Our. *Everett* . . . . . .
Navy, Against Whipping in the. *Stockton* . . . . . .
New England. *Prentiss* . . . . . 1
New England's Fairest Boast. *Prentiss* . . . . . 1

O'Connell, Eloquence of. *W. Phillips* . . . . . .
O'Connell, Eulogy on. *Seward* . . . . . 1

PAGE
Old South Church, Plea for the. *W. Phillips* . . . . 129
Our Country, A Day of. *Long* . . . . . 133

Patriotism. *Meagher* . . . . . 158
Penn's Monument. *Burdette* . . . . . 61
Pilgrims, Sufferings of the. *Everett* . . . . . 18
Pilgrims, Departure of the, for Holland. *Webster* . . . 15
Plymouth Rock. *Webster* . . . . . 20
Pompeii . . . . . 162
Poetry in Battle. *Robertson* . . . . . 184
Power, Philanthropic Love of. *Webster* . . . . . 92
Printing Press, The. *Chapin* . . . . . 182
Public Opinion. *Farrar* . . . . . 191

Representative, The. *Webster* . . . . . 84
Republic, Symbols of the. *Chapin* . . . . . 118
Revolutionary Alarm, The. *Bancroft* . . . . . 22
Rich, Natural Hatred of the Poor to the. *Webster* . . 86
Rome and Carthage. *Hugo* . . . . . 159

San Francisco, Loss of the. *Chapin* . . . . . 186
Scotland. *Flagg* . . . . . 161
School, The District. *Chapin* . . . . . 120
Secession, Peaceable. *Webster* . . . . . 73
Soldiers' Monument, The. *Swift* . . . . . 105
South Carolina and Massachusetts. *Webster* . . . . 77
Sumner, Charles. *Schurz* . . . . . 102
Sword, The. *Grimké* . . . . . 153
Sword, The, and a Nation's Rights. *Meagher* . . . . 155

Toussaint L'Ouverture. *W. Phillips* . . . . . 141

Universal Education. *Winthrop* . . . . . 175

Washington, A Century from. *Webster* . . . . . 83
Washington, Example of. *C. F. Adams* . . . . . 34
Washington, The Memory of. *Everett* . . . . . 32
Washington, The Name of. *Webster* . . . . . 26
Washington Monument. *Winthrop* . . . . . 30
Washington's Sword and Franklin's Staff. *J. Q. Adams*. 36
Washington and the Union. *Webster* . . . . . 28
Webster, Character of Daniel. *Bayard* . . . . . 63
Webster, Eloquence of Daniel. *Choate* . . . . . 12

# FIVE-MINUTE DECLAMATIONS.

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## ELOQUENCE.

### DANIEL WEBSTER.

THE eloquence of John Adams resembled his general character, and formed, indeed, a part of it. It was bold, manly, and energetic, and such the crisis required. When public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake, and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable in speech, further than it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force, and earnestness are the qualities which produce conviction. True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshalled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire after it, they cannot reach it. It comes, if it comes at all, like the outbreaking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, and native force. The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men when their own lives and the fate of their

wives, their children, and their country hang on the decision of the hour. Then, words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself, then, feels rebuked and subdued as in the presence of higher qualities. Then, patriotism is eloquent. Then, self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, outrunning the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward to his object, — this, this is eloquence; or, rather, it is something greater and higher than eloquence, — it is action, noble, sublime, and godlike action.

---

## DANIEL WEBSTER'S ELOQUENCE.

### RUFUS CHOATE.

I BEGIN by admiring an aggregate, made up of excellences and triumphs ordinarily deemed incompatible. Webster had extraordinary power of influencing the convictions of others by speech. He spoke with consummate ability to the bench, and yet exactly as, according to every sound canon of taste and ethics, the bench ought to be addressed. He spoke with consummate ability to the jury, and yet exactly as, according to every sound canon, that totally different tribunal ought to be addressed. In the halls of Congress; before people assembled for political discussion in masses; before audiences smaller and more select, assembled for some solemn commemoration of the past or of the dead; in each of these again his speech, of the first form of ability, was exactly adapted, also, to the critical propri-

eties of the place; each achieved, when delivered, the most instant and specific success of eloquence, some of them in a splendid and remarkable degree; and yet, stranger still, when reduced to writing as they fell from his lips, they compose a body of reading, in many volumes, solid, clear, rich, and full of harmony, — a classical and permanent political literature. And yet, all these modes of his eloquence, exactly adapted each to its stage and its end, were stamped with his image and superscription, identified by characteristics incapable to be counterfeited, and impossible to be mistaken. The same high power of reason, intent in every one to explore and display some truth; the same sovereignty of form, of brow and eye and tone and manner, everywhere the intellectual king of men standing before you; the same marvellousness of qualities and results, residing, I know not where, in words, in pictures, in the ordering of ideas, in felicities indescribable, by means whereof, coming from his tongue, all things seemed mended; truth seemed more true; probability more plausible; greatness more grand; goodness more awful; every affection more tender, than when coming from other tongues: all these are in his eloquence.

---

## ELOQUENCE OF O'CONNELL.

### WENDELL PHILLIPS.

BROADLY considered, O'Connell's eloquence has never been equalled in modern times, certainly not in English speech. Do you think I am partial? I will vouch John Randolph of Roanoke, the Virginia slaveholder, who hated an Irishman almost as much as

he hated a Yankee, himself an orator of no mean level. Hearing O'Connell, he exclaimed, "This is the man, these are the lips, the most eloquent that speak the English tongue in my day!" I think he was right. I remember the solemnity of Webster, the grace of Everett, the rhetoric of Choate; I know the eloquence that lay hid in the iron logic of Calhoun; I have melted beneath the magnetism of Sergeant S. Prentiss of Mississippi, who wielded a power few men ever had; it has been my fortune to sit at the feet of the great speakers of the English tongue on the other side of the ocean; but, I think all of them together never surpassed, and no one of them ever equalled O'Connell.

Nature intended him for our Demosthenes. Never, since the great Greek, has she sent forth any one so lavishly gifted for his work as a tribune of the people. In the first place, he had a magnificent presence, impressive in bearing, massive, like that of Jupiter. Webster himself hardly outdid him, in the majesty of his proportions. To be sure, he had not Webster's craggy face, and precipice of brow, nor his eyes glowing like anthracite coal. Nor had he the lion roar of Mirabeau. But his presence filled the eye. A small O'Connell would hardly have been an O'Connell at all. These physical advantages are half the battle. I remember Russell Lowell telling us, that Mr. Webster came home from Washington at the time the Whig party thought of dissolution, and went down to Faneuil Hall to protest. Drawing himself up to his loftiest proportion, his brow clothed with thunder, before the listening thousands, he said, "Well, gentlemen, I am a Whig, a Massachusetts Whig, a Faneuil Hall Whig, a Revolutionary Whig, a Constitutional Whig; if you break the Whig party, *where* am I to go?" And says Lowell, "We held

our breath, thinking where he could go. If he had been five feet three, we should have said, 'Who cares where you go?'" So it was with O'Connell, there was something majestic in his presence before he spoke, and he added to it, what Webster had not, but Clay might have lent, grace. Lithe as a boy, at seventy, every attitude a picture, every gesture a grace, he was still all nature, nothing but nature seemed to speak all over him.

He had a voice that covered the gamut. I heard him once say, "I send my voice across the Atlantic, careering like the thunder-storm against the breeze, to tell the slave-holder of the Carolinas that God's thunderbolts are hot, and to remind the bondman that the dawn of his redemption is already breaking." You seemed to hear the tones coming back to London from the Rocky Mountains. Then, with the slightest possible Irish brogue, he would tell a story, while all Exeter Hall shook with laughter. The next moment, tears in his voice like a Scotch song, five thousand men wept. His marvellous voice, its almost incredible power and sweetness,

> "Even to the verge of that vast audience it went,
> It played with each wild passion as it went;
> Now stirred the uproar, now the murmur stilled,
> And sobs or laughter answered as it willed."

---

## DEPARTURE OF THE PILGRIMS FOR HOLLAND.

### DANIEL WEBSTER.

THE departure of the Pilgrims for Holland is deeply interesting from its circumstances, and also as it marked the character of the times, indepen-

dently of its connection with names now incorporated with the history of empire. The embarkation was intended to be made in such a manner that it might escape the notice of the officers of government. Great pains had been taken to secure boats, which should come undiscovered to the shore, and receive the fugitives; and frequent disappointments had been experienced in this respect. At length the appointed time came, bringing with it unusual severity of cold and rain. An unfrequented and barren heath, on the shores of Lincolnshire, was the selected spot where the feet of the Pilgrims were to tread, for the last time, the land of their fathers. The vessel which was to receive them did not come until the next day; and in the mean time the little band was collected, and men and women and children and baggage were crowded together in melancholy and distressed confusion. The sea was rough, and the women and children were already sick from their passage down the river to the place of embarkation on the sea.

At length the wished-for boat silently and fearfully approaches the shore, and men and women and children, shaking with fear and with cold, as many as the small vessel could bear, venture off on a dangerous sea. Immediately the advance of horses is heard from behind, armed men appear, and those not yet embarked are seized and taken into custody. In the hurry of the moment, the first parties had been sent on board without any attempt to keep members of the same family together; and on account of the appearance of the horsemen, the boat never returned for the residue. Those who had got away, and those who had not, were in equal distress. A storm of great violence and long duration arose at sea, which not only protracted the voyage, rendered

distressing by the want of all accommodation which the interruption of the embarkation had occasioned, but also forced the vessel out of her course and menaced immediate shipwreck; while those on shore, when they were dismissed from the custody of the officers of justice, having no longer homes or houses to return to, and their friends and protectors being already gone, became objects of necessary charity, as well as of deep commiseration.

As this scene passes before us, we can hardly forbear asking, whether this be a band of malefactors and felons flying from justice. What are their crimes that they hide themselves in darkness? To what punishment are they exposed, that, to avoid it, men and women and children thus encounter the surf of the North Sea, and the terrors of a night storm? What induces this armed pursuit and arrest of fugitives of all ages and both sexes? Truth does not allow us to answer these inquiries in a manner that does credit to the wisdom or the justice of the times. This was not a flight of guilt, but of virtue. It was an humble and peaceable religion flying from causeless oppression. It was conscience attempting to escape from the arbitrary rule of the Stuarts. It was Robinson and Brewster leading off their little band from their native soil at first to find a shelter on the shore of a neighboring continent, but ultimately to come hither; and, having surmounted all difficulties and braved a thousand dangers, to find on Plymouth Rock a place of refuge and of rest. Thanks be to God, that spot was honored as the asylum of religious liberty! May its standard remain forever! May it rise up as high as heaven, till its banner shall fan the air of both continents, and wave as a glorious ensign of peace and security to the nations!

## SUFFERINGS OF THE PILGRIMS.

EDWARD EVERETT.

It is sad, indeed, to reflect on the disasters which the little band of pilgrims encountered. Sad, to see a portion of them the prey of unrelenting cupidity, treacherously embarked in an unsound ship, which they are soon obliged to abandon, and crowd themselves into one vessel; one hundred persons besides the ship's company, in a vessel of one hundred and sixty tons. One is touched at the story of the long, cold, weary, autumnal passage, of the landing on the inhospitable rocks at this dismal season, where they are deserted before long by the ship which had brought them over, and which seemed their only hold upon their fellow-man; a prey to the elements, and to want, and fearfully ignorant of the numbers, of the power, and the temper of the savage tribes that filled the unexplored continent upon whose shores they had ventured.

Methinks I see it now, that one, solitary, adventurous vessel, the Mayflower of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future State, and bound across the unknown sea; I behold it pursuing, with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, weeks and months pass, and winter surprises them on the deep, but brings them not the sight of the wished-for shore. I see them, now scantily supplied with provisions, crowded almost to suffocation in their ill-stored prison, delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route. Now driven in fury before the raging tempest on the high

and giddy waves, the awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging, the laboring masts seem straining at their base, the dismal sound of the pumps is heard, the ship leaps, as it were, madly from billow to billow, the ocean breaks and settles with engulfing floods over the floating deck, and beats with deadening, shivering weight against the staggering vessel. I see them, escaped from these perils, pursuing their all-but-desperate undertaking, and landed at last, after a five-months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth. Weak and weary from the voyage, poorly armed, scantily provisioned, depending on the charity of their ship-master for a draught of beer on board, drinking nothing but water on shore, without shelter, without means, surrounded by hostile tribes.

Shut now the volume of history and tell me, on any principle of human probability what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers? Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept off by the thirty savage tribes enumerated within the early limits of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast? Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventures of other times, and find the parallel of this. Was it the winter's storm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children? Was it hard labor and spare meals? Was it disease? Was it the tomahawk? Was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart aching in its last moments, at the recollection of the loved and left, beyond the sea? Was it some, or all of these united, that hurried this forsaken company to their melan-

cities. That which we sow in weakness shall be raised in strength. From our sincere but houseless worship there shall spring splendid temples to record God's goodness; from the simplicity of our social union there shall arise wise and politic constitutions of government, full of the liberty which we ourselves bring and breathe; from our zeal for learning, institutions shall spring which shall scatter the light of knowledge throughout the land, and, in time, paying back where they have borrowed, shall contribute their part to the great aggregate of human knowledge; and our descendants, through all generations, shall look back to this spot and to this hour with unabated affection and regard."

---

## THE REVOLUTIONARY ALARM.

### GEORGE BANCROFT.

DARKNESS closed upon the country and upon the town, but it was no night for sleep. Heralds on swift relays of horses transmitted the war message from hand to hand, till village repeated it to village, the sea to the backwoods, the plains to the highlands, and it was never suffered to droop till it had been borne North and South and East and West, throughout the land. It spread over the bays that receive the Saco and the Penobscot; its loud reveille broke the rest of the trappers of New Hampshire, and, ringing like bugle notes from peak to peak, overleapt the Green Mountains, swept onward to Montreal, and descended the ocean river till the responses were echoed from the cliffs at Quebec. The hills along the Hudson told to one another the tale. As the summons hurried to the South, it was

one day at New York, in one more at Philadelphia, the next it lighted a watch-fire at Baltimore, thence it waked an answer at Annapolis. Crossing the Potomac near Mt. Vernon, it was sent forward without a halt, to Williamsburg. It traversed the Dismal Swamp to Nansemond, along the route of the first emigrants to North Carolina. It moved onward and still onward, through boundless groves of evergreen, to Newbern and to Wilmington.

"For God's sake, forward it by night and day," wrote Cornelius Harnett, by the express which sped for Brunswick. Patriots of South Carolina caught up its tones at the border and despatched it to Charleston, and, through pines and palmettos and moss-clad live-oaks, farther to the South, till it resounded among the New England settlements beyond the Savannah. The Blue Ridge took up the voice and made it heard from one end to the other of the valley of Virginia. The Alleghanies, as they listened, opened their barriers that the "loud call" might pass through to the hardy riflemen on the Holston, the Watauga and the French Broad. Ever renewing its strength, powerful enough even to create a commonwealth, it breathed its inspiring word to the first settlers of Kentucky, so that hunters who made their halt in the valley of the Elkhorn commemorated the nineteenth day of April, 1776, by naming their encampment "Lexington." With one impulse the Colonies sprung to arms; with one spirit they pledged themselves to each other, "to be ready for the extreme event." With one heart the continent cried, "Liberty or death!"

## THE BELL OF LIBERTY.

J. T. HEADLEY.

THE representatives of the people assembled in solemn conclave, and long and anxiously surveyed the perilous ground on which they were treading. To recede was now impossible; to go on seemed fraught with terrible consequences. The result of the long and fearful conflict that must follow was more than doubtful. For twenty days Congress was tossed on a sea of perplexity. At length, Richard Henry Lee, shaking off the fetters that galled his noble spirit, arose on the 7th of June, and in a clear, deliberate tone, every accent of which rang to the farthest extremity of the silent hall, proposed the following resolution:—

"Resolved, That these United Colonies are, and ought to be, free and independent States, and all political connection between us and the states of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved."

John Adams, in whose soul glowed the burning future, seconded the resolution in a speech so full of impassioned fervor, thrilling eloquence, and prophetic power, that Congress was carried away before it, as by a resistless wave. The die was cast, and every man was now compelled to meet the issue. The resolution was finally deferred until the first of July, to allow a committee appointed for that purpose to draft a declaration of independence. When the day arrived the Declaration was taken up and debated article by article. The discussion continued for three *days, and* was characterized by great excitement.

At length, the various sections having been gone through with, the next day, July 4, was appointed for action.

It was soon known throughout the city, and in the morning, before Congress assembled, the streets were filled with excited men, some gathered in groups engaged in eager discussion, and others moving towards the State House. All business was forgotten in the momentous crisis which the country had now reached. No sooner had the members taken their seats than the multitude gathered in a dense mass around the entrance. The bell-man mounted to the belfry, to be ready to proclaim the joyful tidings of freedom as soon as the final vote was passed. A bright-eyed boy was stationed below to give the signal. Around the bell, brought from England, had been cast, more than twenty years before, the prophetic motto, "Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof." Although its loud clang had often sounded over the city, the proclamation engraved on its iron lip had never yet been spoken aloud.

It was expected that the final vote would be taken without delay, but hour after hour wore on, and no report came from that mysterious hall where the fate of a continent was in suspense. The multitude grew impatient. The old man leaned over the railing, straining his eyes downward, till his heart misgave him, and hope yielded to fear. But at length, at two o'clock, the door opened, and a voice exclaimed, "It has passed." The word leaped like lightning from lip to lip, followed by huzzas that shook the building. The boy-sentinel clapped his hands, and shouted to the bell-man, "Ring! ring!" The desponding bell-man, electrified into life by the joyful news, made the bell ring out with a clang that

startled every heart in Philadelphia like a bugle-blast. "Clang! clang!" the bell of liberty resounded on, higher and clearer, and more joyous, blending in its deep and thrilling vibrations, and proclaiming in loud and long accents over all the land, the motto that encircled it.

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## THE NAME OF WASHINGTON.

### DANIEL WEBSTER.

WE are met to testify our regard for him whose name is intimately blended with whatever belongs most essentially to the prosperity, the liberty, the free institutions, and the renown of our country. That name was of power to rally a nation, in the hour of thick-thronging public disasters and calamities; that name shone amid the storm of war, a beacon light, to cheer and guide the country's friends, it flamed, too, like a meteor, to repel her foes. That name, in days of peace, was a loadstone attracting to itself a whole people's confidence, a whole people's love, and the whole world's respect. That name, descending with all time, spreading over the whole earth, and uttered in all the languages belonging to the tribes and races of men, will forever be pronounced with affectionate gratitude by every one in whose breast there shall arise an aspiration for human rights and human liberty. We perform this grateful duty, at the expiration of a hundred years from his birth, near the place so cherished and beloved by him, where his dust now reposes, and in the capital which bears his own *immortal name*.

All experience evinces that human sentiments are strongly influenced by associations. The recurrence of anniversaries, or of longer periods of time, naturally freshens the recollection, and deepens the impression of events with which they are historically connected. Renowned places, also, have a power to awaken feeling, which all acknowledge. No American can pass by the fields of Bunker Hill, Monmouth, or Camden, as if they were ordinary spots on the earth's surface. Whoever visits them feels the sentiment of love of country kindling anew, as if the spirit that belonged to the transactions which have rendered these places distinguished, still hovered round, with power to move and excite all who in future time may approach them. But neither of these sources of emotion equals the power with which great moral examples affect the mind. When sublime virtues cease to be abstractions, when they become embodied in human character, and exemplified in human conduct, we should be false to our own nature if we did not indulge in the spontaneous effusions of our gratitude and our admiration. A true lover of the virtue of patriotism delights to contemplate its purest models; and that love of country may be well suspected which affects to soar so high into the regions of sentiment as to be lost and absolved in the abstract feeling, and becomes too elevated or too refined to glow with fervor in the commendation or the love of individual benefactors. All this is unnatural. We may be assured that he who really loves the thing itself, loves its finest exhibitions. A true friend of his country loves her friends and benefactors, and thinks it no degradation to commend and commemorate them. The voluntary outpouring of the public feeling, made to-day, from the North to the South,

and from the East to the West, proves this sentiment to be both just and natural.

In the cities and in the villages, in the public temples and in the family circles, among all ages and sexes, gladdened voices bespeak grateful hearts, and a freshened recollection of the virtues of the Father of his Country. And it will be so, in all time to come, so long as public virtue is itself an object of regard. The ingenuous youth of America will hold up to themselves the bright model of Washington's example, and study to be what they behold; they will contemplate his character till all its virtues spread out and display themselves to their delighted vision, as the earliest astronomers, the shepherds on the plains of Babylon, gazed at the stars, till they saw them form into clusters and constellations, overpowering at length the eyes of the beholders with the united blaze of a thousand lights.

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## WASHINGTON AND THE UNION.

### DANIEL WEBSTER.

THERE was in the breast of Washington one sentiment so deeply felt, so constantly uppermost, that no proper occasion escaped without its utterance. From the letter which he signed in behalf of the Convention when the Constitution was sent out to the people, to the moment when he put his hand to that last paper in which he addressed his countrymen, the Union,—the Union was the great object of his thoughts. In that first letter, he tells them that to him and his brethren of the convention, union appears to be the greatest interest of every true American; and in that last paper, he conjures them to regard

that unity of government which constitutes them one people, as the very palladium of their prosperity and safety, and the security of liberty itself. He regarded the Union of these States less as one of our blessings, than as the great treasure-house which contained them all. Here, in his judgment, was the great magazine of all our means of prosperity; here, as he thought, and as every American still thinks, are deposited all our animating prospects, all our solid hopes for future greatness. He has taught us to maintain this Union, not by seeking to enlarge the powers of the government, on the one hand, nor by surrendering them, on the other; but by an administration of them at once firm and moderate, pursuing objects truly national, and carried on in a spirit of justice and equity. The extreme solicitude for the preservation of the Union at all times manifested by him, shows not only the opinion he entertained of its importance, but his clear perception of those causes which were likely to spring up to endanger it, and which, if once they should overthrow the present system, would leave little hope of any future beneficial reunion. Of all the presumptions indulged by presumptuous man, that is one of the rashest which looks for repeated and favorable opportunities for the deliberate establishment of a united government over distinct and widely extended communities. Such a thing has happened once in human affairs, and but once. The event stands out as a prominent exception to all ordinary history; and unless we suppose ourselves running into an age of miracles, we may not expect its repetition.

Washington, therefore, could regard, and did regard nothing as of paramount political interest, but the integrity of the Union itself. With a United government, well administered, he saw we had nothing to

fear; and without it, nothing to hope. The sentiment is just, and its momentous truth should solemnly impress the whole country. If we might regard our country as personated in the spirit of Washington, if we might consider him as representing her, in her past renown, her present prosperity, and her future career, and as in that character demanding of us all to account for our conduct, as political men, or as private citizens, how should he answer him, who has ventured to talk of disunion and dismemberment? Or how should he answer him, who dwells perpetually on local interests, and fans every kindling flame of local prejudice? How should he answer him, who would array State against State, interest against interest, and party against party, careless of the continuance of that unity of government which constitutes us one people?

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## WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

FELLOW-CITIZENS, let us seize this occasion to renew to each other our vows of allegiance and devotion to the American Union, and let us recognize in our common title to the name and fame of Washington, and in our veneration for his example and advice, the all-sufficient centripetal power which shall hold the thick-clustering stars of our confederacy in one glorious constellation forever. Let the column we are about to construct be at once a pledge and an emblem of perpetual union. Let the foundations be laid, let the superstructure be built up and cemented, let each stone be raised and riveted, in a spirit of national brotherhood. And

may the earliest rays of the rising sun, till that sun shall set to rise no more, draw forth from it daily, as from the fabled statue of antiquity, a strain of national harmony which shall strike a responsive chord in every heart throughout the Republic.

Proceed, then, fellow-citizens, with the work for which you have assembled. Lay the corner-stone of a monument which shall adequately bespeak the gratitude of the whole American people to the illustrious Father of his Country. Build it to the skies, — you cannot outreach the loftiness of his principles. Found it upon the massive and eternal rock, — you cannot make it more enduring than his fame. Construct it of the peerless Parian marble, — you cannot make it purer than his life. Exhaust upon it the rules and principles of ancient and modern art, — you cannot make it more proportionate than his character.

But let not your homage to his memory end here. Think not to transfer to a tablet or a column the tribute which is due from yourselves. Just honor to Washington can only be rendered by observing his precepts and imitating his example. He has built his own monument. We, and those who come after us in successive generations, are its appointed, its privileged guardians.

The widespread Republic is the true monument to Washington. Maintain its independence; uphold its constitution; preserve its union; defend its liberty. Let it stand before the world in all its original strength and beauty, securing peace, order, equality, and freedom to all within its boundaries, and shedding light and hope and joy upon the pathway of human liberty throughout the world, and Washington needs no other monument. Other structures may *fitly test* our veneration for him; this,

this alone can adequately illustrate his services to mankind. Nor does he need even this. The Republic may perish, the wide arch of our ranged Union may fall, star by star its glories may expire, stone by stone its columns and its capital may crumble, all other names which adorn its annals may be forgotten, but, as long as human hearts shall anywhere pant, or human tongues shall anywhere plead for a true, rational, constitutional liberty, those hearts shall enshrine the memory, and those tongues prolong the fame of George Washington.

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## THE MEMORY OF WASHINGTON.

### EDWARD EVERETT.

To us, citizens of America, it belongs above all others to show respect to the memory of Washington, by the deference we pay to those maxims of public policy which he has left us in his Farewell Address. Of all the exhortations which it contains, I scarce need say to you that none are so anxiously repeated as those which enjoin the preservation of the Union of these States.

On this it depends, in the judgment of Washington, whether the people of America shall follow the Old World example and be broken into a group of independent military powers, wasted by eternal border wars, a custom-house on the bank of every river, a fortress on every frontier hill, a pirate lurking in the recesses of every bay; or, whether they shall continue to constitute a federal Republic, the most extensive, the most powerful, the most prosperous, in the long line of ages.

No one can read the Farewell Address without feeling that this was the thought and this the care which lay nearest and heaviest upon that noble heart. And, if — which Heaven forbid — the day shall ever arrive when his parting counsels on that head shall be forgotten, on that day, come it soon or come it late, it may as mournfully as truly be said that Washington has lived in vain. Then the vessels, as they ascend and descend the Potomac, may toll their bells with new significance as they pass Mt. Vernon; they will strike the requiem of constitutional liberty for us, for all nations.

But it cannot, shall not be: this great woe to our beloved country, this catastrophe for the cause of national freedom, this grievous calamity for the whole civilized world, — it cannot, shall not be. No, by the glorious 19th of April, 1775! — No, by the precious blood of Bunker Hill, of Princeton, of Saratoga, of King's Mountain, of Yorktown! — No, by the undying spirit of '76! — No, by the sacred dust enshrined at Mt. Vernon! — No, by the dear immortal memory of Washington, that sorrow and shame shall never be! Washington in the flesh is taken from us, but his memory remains, and let us cling to his memory. Let us make a national festival and holiday of his birthday; and ever as it returns, let us remember, that while we celebrate the great anniversary, our fellow-citizens on the Hudson, on the Potomac, from the Southern plains to the Western lakes, are engaged in the same offices of gratitude and love. Nor we, nor they alone; beyond the Ohio, beyond the Mississippi, along that stupendous trail of immigration from East to West, which, bursting into States as it moves westward, is swarming through the portals of the Rocky Mountains and winding down their slopes, the name and the memory

of Washington on that gracious night will travel with the silver queen of heaven, through sixty degrees of longitude, nor part company with her till she walks in her brightness through the Golden Gate of California and passes serenely on to hold midnight court with her Australian stars. There and there only, in barbarous archipelagos, as yet untrodden by civilized man, the name of Washington is unknown; and there, too, when they swarm with enlightened millions, new honors shall be paid with ours, to his memory.

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## THE EXAMPLE OF WASHINGTON.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.

ONE of the strongest muniments to save us from all harm is the example of Washington. Far be it from me to raise up a visionary idol. I have lived too long to trust in mere panegyric. Fulsome eulogy of any man raises with me only a smile. Indiscriminate laudation is equivalent to falsehood. Washington, as I understand him, was gifted with nothing ordinarily defined as genius, and he had not had great advantages of education. His intellectual powers were clear, but not much above the average men of his time. What knowledge he possessed had been gained from association with others in his long public career, rather than by secluded study. As an actor he scarcely distinguished himself by more than one brilliant stroke. As a writer the greater part of his correspondence discloses nothing more than average natural good sense. On the field of battle his powers pale before the splendid strategy of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Yet, notwithstanding all these deductions, the thread of his life from youth to age displays a maturity of judgment, a consistency of principle, a steadiness of action, a discriminating wisdom, and a purity of purpose hardly found united to the same extent in any other instance I can recall in history. Of his entire disinterestedness in all his pecuniary relations with the public, it is needless for me to speak; more than all, and above all, he was master of himself. If there be one quality more than another in his character which may exercise a useful control over the men of the present hour, it is the total disregard of self, when in the most elevated positions for influence and example.

The star of Napoleon was just rising to its zenith as that of Washington passed away. In point of military genius Napoleon probably equalled, if he did not exceed, any person known in history. In regard to the direction of the interests of a nation, he may have occupied a very high place. He inspired an energy and vigor in the veins of the French people which they sadly needed after the demoralizing sway of centuries of Bourbon kings. With even a small modicum of the wisdom so prominent in Washington, he, too, might have left a people to honor his memory down to the latest times. But it was not so to be. Do you ask the reason? It is this. His motives of action always centred in self. His example gives a warning, but not a guide. Had Napoleon copied the example of Washington, he would have been the idol of all later generations in France; for Washington to have copied the example of Napoleon, would have been simply impossible.

Let us then, discarding all inferior strife, hold up to our children the example of Washington as the symbol, not *merely of wisdom*, but of purity and truth

Let us labor continually to keep the advance in civilization as it becomes us to do after the struggles of the past, so that the right to life, to liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, which we have honorably secured, may be firmly entailed upon the ever-enlarging generations of mankind.

And what is it, I pray you tell me, that has brought us to a celebration of Washington's birthday? Is it not the steady cry of excelsior up to the most elevated regions of political purity, secured to us by the memory of those who have passed before us, and consecrated the very ground occupied by their ashes? Gloriously, indeed, may it be said of it in the words of the poet: —

> "What 's hallowed ground? 'T is what gives birth
> To sacred thoughts in souls of worth.
> Peace, Independence, Truth, go forth,
> Earth's compass round!
> And your high priesthood shall make earth
> All hallowed ground."

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## WASHINGTON'S SWORD AND FRANKLIN'S STAFF.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

THE sword of Washington! The staff of Franklin! Oh, sir, what associations are linked in adamant with these names! Washington, whose sword was never drawn but in the cause of his country, and never sheathed when wielded in his country's cause. Franklin, the philosopher of the thunderbolt, the printing-press, and the ploughshare. What names are these in the scanty catalogue of human benefactors! Washington and Franklin, — what other two

men, whose lives belong to the eighteenth century of Christendom, have left a deeper impression of themselves upon the age in which they lived, and upon all after-time? Washington, the warrior and the legislator! In war, contending by the wager of battle, for the independence of his country, and for the freedom of the human race, ever manifesting amid its horrors, by precept and by example, his reverence for the laws of peace, and for the tenderest sympathies of humanity. In peace, soothing the ferocious spirit of discord among his own countrymen, into harmony and union, and giving to that very sword, now presented to his country, a charm more potent than that attributed, in ancient times, to the lyre of Orpheus.

Franklin, the mechanic of his own fortune, teaching in early youth, under the shackles of indigence the way to wealth; and, in the shade of obscurity, the path to greatness. In the maturity of early manhood, disarming the thunder of its terrors, the lightning of its fatal blast, and wresting from the tyrant's hand the still more afflictive sceptre of oppression. While descending the vale of years, traversing the Atlantic Ocean, braving, in the dead of winter, the battle and the breeze, bearing in his hand the Charter of Independence, which he had contributed to form, and tendering, from the self-created nation, to the mightiest monarch of Europe, the olive branch of peace, and the mercurial wand of commerce. And in the last stage of his life, with fourscore winters upon his head, under the torture of an incurable disease, returning to his native land; closing his days as the chief magistrate of his adopted Commonwealth, after contributing by his counsels under the presidency of Washington; and recording his name, under the sanction of devout prayers, in

voked by him to God, to that Constitution, under the authority of which we are assembled as the representatives of the North American people, to receive in their name these venerable relics of the wise, the valiant, and the good founders of our great confederated Republic, these sacred symbols of our golden age.

May they be deposited among the archives of our government, and may every American, who shall hereafter behold them, ejaculate a mingled offer of praise to that Supreme Ruler of the Universe by whose tender mercies our Union has been hitherto preserved through all the vicissitudes and revolutions of this turbulent world, and of prayer for the continuance of those blessings, by the dispensations of Providence, to our beloved country, from age to age, till time shall be no more.

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## SUPPOSED SPEECH AGAINST THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

### DANIEL WEBSTER.

LET us bring before us the assembly which was about to decide a question big with the fate of empires. Let us open their doors and look in upon their deliberations. Let us survey the anxious, care-worn countenances; let us hear the firm-toned voices of this band of patriots. Hancock presides over the solemn sitting, and one of those not yet prepared to pronounce for absolute independence is on the floor, and is urging his reasons for dissenting from the Declaration.

"Let us pause! This step, once taken, can never *be retraced.* This resolution, once passed, will cut

off all hope of rconciliation. If success attend the arms of England, we shall then be no longer colonies with charters and with privileges; these will all be forfeited by this act, and we shall be in the condition of other conquered people, — at the mercy of the conquerors. For ourselves, we may be ready to run the hazard, but are we ready to carry the country to that length? Is the success so probable as to justify it? Where is the military, where the naval power, by which we are to resist the whole strength of the arm of England? for she will exert that strength to the utmost. Can we rely on the constancy and perseverance of the people, or will they act as the people of other countries have acted, and, wearied with a long war, submit, in the end, to a worse oppression? While we stand on our old ground and insist on redress of grievances, we know that we are right and are not answerable for the consequences. Nothing then can be imputed to us. But if we now change our object, carry our pretensions further, and set up for absolute independence, we shall lose the sympathy of mankind. We shall no longer be defending what we possess, but struggling for something we never did possess, and which we have solemnly and uniformly disclaimed all intention of pursuing from the very outset of the troubles. Abandoning thus our old ground of resistance only to arbitrary acts of oppression, the nations will believe the whole to have been mere pretence, and they will look on us, not as injured, but as ambitious subjects. I shudder before this responsibility. It will be on us, if, relinquishing the ground on which we have stood so long and stood so safely, we now proclaim independence, and carry on the war for that object, while these cities burn, these *pleasant fields* whiten and bleach with

the bones of their owners, and these streams run blood. It will be upon us, it will be upon us, if failing to maintain this unseasonable and ill-judged Declaration, a sterner despotism, maintained by military power, shall be established over our posterity, when we ourselves, given up by an exhausted, a harassed, a misled people, shall have expiated our rashness and atoned for our presumption on the scaffold."

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## SUPPOSED SPEECH OF JOHN ADAMS FOR THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

SINK or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that, in the beginning, we aimed not at independence, but there 's a Divinity that shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms, and, blinded to her own interest for our good, she has obstinately persisted till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it and it is ours. Why, then, should we defer the Declaration? If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on, or to give up the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of Parliament, Boston Port Bill and all? Do we mean to submit that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit.

The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And, if the war must go on, why put off longer the Declaration of Independence? That *measure will* strengthen us. Read this Declaration

at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard and the solemn vow uttered to maintain it or perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolve to stand with it, or fall with it. Send it to the public halls, proclaim it there; let them hear it who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, — and the very walls will cry out in its support.

Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but, I see, I see clearly, through this day's business. You and I indeed may rue it. We may not live to the time when this Declaration shall be made good. We may die, — die colonists, — die slaves, — die, it may be, ignominiously and on the scaffold. Be it so! Be it so! If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But, while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

But, whatever may be our fate, be assured that this Declaration shall stand. It may cost treasure, it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude,

and of joy. Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, all that I am, all that I hope in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it, and, I leave off as I began, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the Declaration. It is my living sentiment, and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment, independence now, and independence forever.

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## ON THE AMERICAN WAR.

### LORD CHATHAM.

I CANNOT, my lords, I will not join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. This, my lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment. It is not a time for adulation,—the smoothness of flattery cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. We must, if possible, dispel the delusion and darkness which envelop it, and display in its full danger and genuine color the ruin which is brought to our doors. Can ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation? Can Parliament be so dead to its dignity and duty as to give its support to measures thus obtruded and forced upon it?—measures, my lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to scorn and contempt! But yesterday and Britain might have stood against the world; now, none so poor as to do her reverence.

The people whom we at first despised as rebels, but whom we now acknowledge as enemies, are abetted against us, supplied with every military *store, have* their interests consulted, and their am-

bassadors entertained by our inveterate enemy; and ministers do not and dare not interpose with dignity or effect.

The desperate state of our army abroad is in part known. No man more highly esteems and honors the British troops than I do; I know their virtues and their valor; I know they can achieve any but impossibilities, and I know that the conquest of British America is an impossibility. You cannot, my lords, — you cannot conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst, but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing and suffered much. You may swell every expense, accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot, your attempts will be forever vain and impotent, doubly so, indeed, from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates to an incurable resentment the minds of your adversaries to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country I never would lay down my arms, — never, never, never!

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## WHO WAS THE MINUTE-MAN.

GEO. WM. CURTIS.

Two hundred years ago, Mary Shepherd, a girl of fifteen, was watching the savages on the hills of Concord, while her brothers thrashed in the barn. Suddenly the Indians appeared, slew the brothers, and carried her away. In the night while the savages

slept, she untied a stolen horse, slipped a saddle from under the head of one of her captors, mounted, fled, swam the Nashua River, and rode through the forest, home. Mary Shepherd was the true ancestor of the minute-man of the Revolution. The minute-man of the Revolution! who was he? He was the husband, the father, who left the plough in the furrow, the hammer on the bench, and kissing wife and children, marched to die or to be free. The minute-man of the Revolution! He was the old, the middle aged, the young. He was Capt. Miles, of Acton, who reproved his men for jesting on the march. He was Deacon Josiah Haines, of Sudbury, eighty years old, who marched with his company to South Bridge, at Concord, then joined in that hot pursuit to Lexington, and fell as gloriously as Warren at Bunker Hill. He was James Hayward, of Acton, twenty-two years old, foremost in that deadly race from Charlestown to Concord, who raised his piece at the same moment with a British soldier, each exclaiming, "You are a dead man." The Briton dropped, shot through the heart. Young Hayward fell, mortally wounded. "Father," said he, "I started with forty balls, I have three left. I never did such a day's work before. Tell mother not to mourn too much, and tell her whom I love more than my mother, that I am not sorry I turned out." This was the minute-man of the Revolution! The rural citizen, trained in the common school, the town meeting, who carried a bayonet that thought and whose gun, loaded with a principle, brought down, not a man, but a system. With brain and heart and conscience all alive, he opposed every hostile order of the British council. The cold Grenville, the brilliant Townsend, the reckless Hillsborough derided, declaimed, *denounced*, laid unjust taxes, and sent troops to

collect them, and the plain Boston Puritan laid his finger on the vital point of the tremendous controversy, and held to it inexorably. Intrenched in his own honesty, the king's gold could not buy him. Enthroned in the love of his fellow-citizens, the king's writ could not take him. And when, on the morning at Lexington, the king's troops marched to seize him, his sublime faith saw, beyond the clouds of the moment, the rising sun of America, and careless of himself, mindful only of his country, he exultingly exclaimed, "Oh, what a glorious morning!" He felt that a blow would soon be struck that would break the heart of British tyranny. His judgment, his conscience, told him the hour had come. Unconsciously, his heart beat time to the music of the Slave's Epitaph: —

> "God wills us free,
> Man wills us slaves;
> I will as God wills,
> God's will be done."

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## THE MINUTE-MEN OF '75.

GEO. WM. CURTIS.

CITIZENS of a great, free, and prosperous country, we come hither to honor the men, our fathers, who on this spot struck the first blow in the contest which made our country independent. Here, beneath the hills they trod, by the peaceful river on whose shores they dwelt, amidst the fields that they sowed and reaped, we come to tell their story, to try ourselves by their lofty standard, to know if we are their worthy children; and, standing reverently where they stood and fought and died, to swear before God

and each other, that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

This ancient town has never failed fitly to commemorate this great day of its history. Fifty years ago, while some soldiers of the Concord fight were yét living, twenty-five years ago, while still a few venerable survivors lingered, you renewed the pious vow. But the last living link with the Revolution has long been broken; and we who stand here to-day have a sympathy with the men at the old North Bridge, which those who preceded us here at earlier celebrations could not know. With them war was a name and a tradition. When they assembled to celebrate this day, they saw a little group of tottering forms, whose pride was, that before living memory, they had been minute-men of American Independence.

But with us, how changed! War is no longer a tradition, half romantic and obscure. It has ravaged how many of our homes, it has wrung how many of the hearts before me? North and South, we know the pang. We do not count around us a few feeble veterans of the contest, but we are girt with a cloud of witnesses. Behold them here to-day, sharing in these pious and peaceful rites, the honored citizens whose glory it is that they were minute-men of American liberty and union. These men of to-day interpret to us, with resistless eloquence, the men and the times we commemorate. Now, if never before, we understand the Revolution. Now, we know the secrets of those old hearts and homes.

No royal governor sits in yon stately capitol; no hostile fleet for many a year has vexed the waters of our coast; nor is any army but our own ever likely to tread our soil. Not such are our enemies

to-day. They do not come proudly stepping to the drum-beat, with bayonets flashing in the morning sun. But wherever party spirit shall strain the ancient guaranties of freedom, or bigotry and ignorance shall lay their fatal hands upon education, or the arrogance of caste shall strike at equal rights, or corruption shall poison the very springs of national life, there, minute-men of liberty, are your Lexington Green and Concord Bridge! And, as you love your country and your kind, and would have your children rise up and call you blessed, spare not the enemy! Over the hills, out of the earth, down from the clouds, pour in resistless might! Fire from every rock and tree, from door and window, from hearthstone and chamber; hang upon his flank and rear from morn to sunset, and so through a land blazing with holy indignation, hurl the hordes of ignorance and corruption and injustice back, back in utter defeat and ruin.

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## THE AMERICAN AGE.

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

OTHER ages have had their designations, local or personal or mythical, historic or prehistoric; ages of stone or iron, of silver or gold; ages of kings or queens, of reformers or conquerors. That marvellous compound of everything wise or foolish, noble or base, witty or ridiculous, sublime or profane, — Voltaire, — maintained that, in his day, no man of reflection or taste could count more than four authentic ages in the history of the world. First, that of Philip and Alexander, with Pericles and Demosthenes, Aristotle and Plato, Apelles, Phidias, and Praxiteles. Second, that of Cæsar and Augustus,

with Lucretius and Cicero and Livy, Virgil and Horace, Varro and Vitruvius. Third, that of the Medici, with Michaelangelo and Raphael, Galileo and Dante. Fourth, that which he was at the moment engaged in depicting, the age of Louis XIV., which in his judgment surpassed all the others.

Our American age could bear no comparison with ages like these, measured only by the brilliancy of historians and philosophers, of poets and painters. We need not indeed be ashamed of what has been done for literature and science and art, during these hundred years, nor hesitate to point with pride to our own authors and artists, living and dead. But the day has gone by when literature and the fine arts, or even science and the useful arts, can characterize an age. There are other and higher measures of comparison. The very nation which counts Voltaire among its greatest celebrities, the nation which aided us so generously in our Revolutionary struggle and which is now rejoicing in its own successful establishment of republican institutions, the land of the great and good Lafayette, has taken the lead in pointing out the true grounds on which our American age may challenge and claim a special recognition. An association of Frenchmen, under the lead of some of their most distinguished statesmen and scholars, is erecting, as their contribution to our centennial, a gigantic statue, at the very throat of the harbor of our supreme commercial emporium, which shall symbolize the legend inscribed on its pedestal, "Liberty enlightening the World."

That glorious legend presents the standard by which our age is to be judged, and by which we *may* be willing and proud to have it judged. All *else in* our career, certainly, is secondary. The

growth and grandeur of our territorial dimensions, the multiplication of our States, the number and size and wealth of our cities, the marvellous increase of our population, the measureless extent of our railways and internal navigation, our overflowing granaries, our inexhaustible mines, our countless inventions and multitudinous industries, all these may be remitted to the census, and left for the student of statistics. The claim which our country presents for giving no second or subordinate character to the age rests only on what has been accomplished at home and abroad, for elevating the condition of mankind, for advancing political and human freedom, for promoting the greatest good of the greatest number, and for "enlightening the world," by the example of a rational, regulated, enduring, constitutional liberty. And who will dispute or question that claim? In what region of the earth ever so remote from us, in what corner of the earth ever so far out of the range of our communication, does not some burden lightened, some bond loosened, some yoke lifted, some labor better remunerated, some new hope for despairing hearts, some new light or new liberty for the benighted or the oppressed, bear witness this day, and trace itself directly or indirectly back to the impulse given to the world by the successful establishment and operation of free institutions on the American continent?

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## AMERICAN EXAMPLE.

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

FELLOW-CITIZENS of the United States, citizens of the old Thirteen of the Revolution, citizens of the new *Twenty-five, whose* stars are now glittering

with no inferior lustre in our glorious galaxy, I hail you all as brothers, and call upon you all to stand fast in the faith of the fathers, and to uphold and maintain unimpaired the matchless institutions which are now ours.

"You are the advance guard of the human race, you have the future of the world," said Madame de Staël to a distinguished American. Let us lift ourselves to a full sense of such a responsibility for the progress of freedom in other lands as well as our own. Every degree of failure here, through insubordination, demoralization, corruption, or crime, throws back the cause of freedom everywhere, and presents our country as a warning instead of as an encouragement to the liberal tendencies of other governments.

We cannot escape from the responsibility of this great intervention of American example; and it involves nothing less than the hope or the despair of the ages. Let us strive then to aid and advance the liberty of the world in the only legitimate way in our power, by patriotic fidelity in upholding our own free institutions.

We have nothing now to fear except from ourselves. There is no boundary line for separating us without cordons of custom-houses and garrisons of standing armies which would change the whole character of these institutions. We are one by the configuration of nature, and by the strong impress of art, inextricably intertwined by the lay of our land, the run of our rivers, the chain of our lakes, and iron network of our crossing and recrossing and ever-multiplying and still advancing tracks of trade and travel.

*We* are one, by the memories of our fathers! We *are one*, by the hopes of our children! We are

one, by a Constitution and a Union which have not only survived the shock of foreign and of civil war, but have stood the abeyance of almost all administration, while the whole people were waiting, breathless in alternate hope and fear, for the issues of an execrable crime! We are one, bound together afresh, by the electric chords of sympathy and sorrow, vibrating and thrilling, day by day, of that livelong summer, through every one of our hearts, for our basely wounded and bravely suffering President, bringing us all down on our knees together, in common supplication for his life, and involving us all at last in a common flood of grief at his death! I dare not linger on that great affliction, which has added, indeed, "another hallowed name to the historical inheritance of our Republic," but which has thrown a pall of deepest tragedy upon the falling curtain of our first century. Oh, let not its influence be lost upon us for the century to come, but let us be one, henceforth and always, in mutual regard, conciliation, and affection!

"Go on, hand in hand, O States, never to be disunited! Be the praise and heroic song of all posterity! Join your invincible might to do worthy and godlike deeds! And then —" But I will not add, as John Milton added, in closing his inimitable appeal on Reformation in England, two centuries and a half ago, "a cleaving curse be his inheritance, to all generations, who seeks to break your Union!" No anathemas shall escape my lips on this auspicious day. Let me rather invoke, as I devoutly and fervently do, the choicest and richest blessings of Heaven on those who shall do most, in all time to come, to preserve our beloved country in unity, peace, and concord!

## SHALL AMERICA BETRAY HERSELF?

JOSEPH STORY.

THE Old World has revealed to us in its unsealed books the beginning and the end of all its own marvellous struggles in the cause of liberty. Greece, lovely Greece, "the land of scholars and the nurse of arms," where sister republics in fair procession chanted the praises of liberty and the gods, where, and what is she? For two thousand years the oppressor has ground her to the earth. Her arts are no more. The last sad relics of her temples are but the barracks of a ruthless soldiery. The fragments of her columns and her palaces are in the dust, yet beautiful in ruins. She fell, not when the mighty were upon her. Her sons were united at Thermopylæ and Marathon, and the tide of her triumph rolled back upon the Hellespont. She was conquered by her own factions. She fell by the hands of her own people.

Rome, republican Rome, whose eagles glanced in the rising and setting sun, where, and what is she? The Eternal City yet remains, proud even in her desolation, noble in her decline, venerable in the majesty of religion, and calm as in the composure of death. The malaria has travelled in the paths worn by her destroyers. More than eighteen centuries have mourned over the loss of her empire. A mortal disease was upon her vitals, before Cæsar crossed the Rubicon, and Brutus did not restore her health by the deep probings of the senate chamber. The Goths, the Vandals, the Huns, completed only what was already begun at home. Romans betrayed *Rome*.

*We* stand, the latest, and if we fail, probably the

last experiment of self-government by the people. We have begun it under circumstances of the most auspicious nature. We are in the vigor of youth. Our growth has never been checked by the oppressions of tyranny. Such as we are we have been from the beginning, simple, hardy, intelligent, accustomed to self-government and to self-respect. The Atlantic rolls between us and any formidable foe. Within our own territory, stretching through many degrees of latitude and longitude, we have the choice of many products, and many means of independence. The government is mild, the press is free, religion is free, knowledge reaches or may reach every home. What fairer prospect of success could be presented? What means more adequate to accomplish the sublime end? What more is necessary, than for the people to preserve what they themselves created? Already has the age caught the spirit of our institutions. It has already ascended the Andes, and snuffed the breezes of both oceans. It has infused itself into the life-blood of Europe, and warmed the sunny plains of France and the lowlands of Holland. It has touched the philosophy of Germany and the North, and moving onward to the South, has opened to Greece the lessons of her better days. Can it be that America under such circumstances can betray herself? Can it be that she is to be added to the catalogue of republics, the inscription upon whose ruins is, "They were, but they are not"? Forbid it, my countrymen! Forbid it, Heaven!

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## PANEGYRIC ON AMERICA.

### CHARLES PHILLIPS.

THE mention of America has never failed to fill me *with the most lively* emotions. In my earliest

infancy, that tender season when impressions, at once the most permanent and the most powerful, are likely to be excited, the story of her then recent struggle raised a throb in every heart that loved liberty, and wrung a reluctant tribute even from discomfited oppression. I saw her spurning alike the luxuries that would enervate, the legions that would intimidate, dashing from her lips the poisoned cup of European servitude; through all the vicissitudes of her protracted conflict, displaying a magnanimity that defied misfortune, and a moderation that gave new grace to victory. It was the first vision of my childhood, it will descend with me to the grave.

But if, as a man, I venerate the mention of America, what must be my feelings towards her as an Irishman! Never! oh, never! while memory remains, can Ireland forget the home of her emigrant, and the asylum of her exile. No matter whether their sorrows sprung from the errors of enthusiasm or the realities of suffering, from fancy or infliction, that must be reserved for the scrutiny of those whom the lapse of time shall acquit of partiality, it is for men of other ages to investigate and record it; but surely, it is for the men of every age to hail the hospitality that received the shelterless, and love the feeling that befriended the unfortunate.

Search creation round and where can you find a country that presents so sublime a view, so interesting in anticipation? What noble institutions! What a comprehensive policy! What a wise equalization of every political advantage! The oppressed of all countries, the martyr of every creed, the innocent victim of despotic arrogance or superstitious frenzy, may there find refuge; his industry encouraged, his piety respected, his ambition animated, *with no* restraint but those laws which are the same

to all, and no distinction but that which his merit may originate.

Who can deny that the existence of such a country presents a subject of human congratulation? Who can deny that its gigantic advancement offers a field for the most rational conjecture? At the end of the very next century, if she proceeds as she seems to promise, what a wondrous spectacle may she not exhibit! Who shall say for what purpose a mysterious Providence may not have designed her? Who shall say that, when in its follies or its crimes the Old World may have buried all the pride of its power, and all the pomp of its civilization, human nature may not find its destined renovation in the New World?

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## LOVE OF JUSTICE.

### THEODORE PARKER.

GENTLEMEN, it is no part of my Christianity to "send the mother who bore me into eternal bondage," nor will I suffer the commissioners to steal my friends, to kidnap my brother man. I love my country, my kindred of humanity; I love my God, the Father of the white man and of the black man, — and am I to suffer the liberty of America to be trodden under the hoof of slave-drivers, or of the judicial slaves of slave-drivers? I was neither born nor bred for that.

One raw morning in spring, Hancock and Adams, the Moses and Aaron of that great deliverance, were both at Lexington. They had "obstructed an officer," with brave words. British soldiers, a thousand strong, came to seize them, and carry them over seas for trial, and *so nip the* bud of freedom auspiciously

opening in that early spring. The town militia came together before daylight, "for training." A tall man, with a large head, and a high, wide brow, their captain, one who had "seen service," marshalled them into line, numbering but seventy, and bade "every man load his piece with powder and ball." "I will order the first man shot that runs away," said he, when some faltered. "Don't fire unless fired upon; but if they want to have a war, let it begin here."

Gentlemen, you know what followed. Those farmers and mechanics "fired the shot heard round the world." A little monument covers the bones of such as before had pledged their fortune and their sacred honor to the freedom of America, and that day gave it also their lives. I was born in that little town, and bred up amid the memories of that day. When a boy, my mother lifted me up, one Sunday, in her religious, patriotic arms, and held me while I read the first monumental line I ever saw, "Sacred to Liberty and the Rights of Mankind." Since then I have studied the memorial marbles of Greece and Rome in many an ancient town, nay, on Egyptian obelisks, have read what was written before the Eternal roused up Moses to lead Israel out of Egypt, but no chiselled stone ever stirred me to such emotion as these rustic names of men who fell "In the sacred cause of God and their country."

Gentlemen, the spirit of liberty, the love of justice, was early fanned into a flame in my boyish heart. That monument covers the bones of my own kinsfolks. It was their blood which reddened the long, green grass at Lexington. It was my own name which stands chiselled on that stone. The tall captain who marshalled his fellow-farmers and mechanics into stern array, and spoke such brave and dangerous words

as opened the war of American Independence, the last to leave the field, was my father's father. I learned to read out of his Bible; and with a musket he that day captured from the foe, I learned also another religious lesson; that "rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God." I keep them both, "sacred to liberty and the rights of mankind"; to use them both "in the sacred cause of God and my country."

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## FOUNDATION OF BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

THE foundation of Bunker Hill Monument we have now laid. With solemnities suited to the occasion, with prayers to Almighty God for his blessing, and in the midst of this cloud of witnesses, we have begun the work. We trust it will be prosecuted, and that, springing from a broad foundation, rising high in massive solidity and unadorned grandeur, it may remain as long as Heaven permits the works of man to last, a fit emblem both of the events in memory of which it is raised and of the gratitude of those who have reared it. We know, indeed, that the record of illustrious actions is most safely deposited in the universal remembrance of mankind. We know that if we could cause this structure to ascend, not only till it reached the skies, but till it pierced them, its broad surface could still contain but part of that which in an age of knowledge hath already been spread over the earth, and which history charges itself with making known to all future times. We know that no inscription on entablatures less broad than the earth itself, can carry information of the events we commemorate where it has not already gone; and that no structure

which shall not outlive the duration of letters and knowledge among men, can prolong the memorial. But our object is, by this edifice, to show our own deep sense of the value and importance of the achievements of our ancestors; and by presenting this work of gratitude to the eye, to keep alive similar sentiments, and to foster a constant regard for the principles of the Revolution. Human beings are composed, not of reason only, but of imagination also, and sentiment; and that is neither wasted nor misapplied which is appropriated to the purpose of giving right direction to sentiments, and opening proper springs of feeling in the heart. Let it not be supposed that our object is to perpetuate national hostility, or even to cherish a mere military spirit. It is higher, purer, nobler. We consecrate our work to the spirit of national independence, and we wish that the light of peace may rest upon it forever. We rear a memorial of our conviction of that unmeasured benefit which has been conferred on our own land, and of the happy influences which have been produced by the same events on the general interests of mankind.

We come, as Americans, to mark a spot which must forever be dear to us and our posterity. We wish that whosoever, in all coming time, shall turn his eye hither, may behold that the place is not undistinguished, where the first great battle of the Revolution was fought. We wish that this structure may proclaim the magnitude and importance of that event to every class and every age. We wish that infancy may learn the purpose of its erection from maternal lips, and that weary and withered age may behold it, and be solaced by the recollections which it suggests. We wish that the laborer may look up *here* and be proud in the midst of his toil. We

wish that, in those days of disaster which, as they come on all nations, must be expected to come on us also, desponding patriotism may turn its eyes hitherward, and be assured that the foundations of our national power still stand strong. We wish that this column rising towards heaven, among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute also to produce, in all minds, a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude. We wish, finally, that the last object to the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden him who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and glory of his country. Let it rise! Let it rise till it meet the sun in his coming! Let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit!

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## DEDICATION OF BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.

### DANIEL WEBSTER.

THE Bunker Hill Monument is finished. Here it stands! Fortunate in the high natural eminence on which it is placed, higher, infinitely higher in its objects and purposes, it rises over the land and over the sea, and, visible at their homes to thousands of the people of Massachusetts, it stands a memorial of the last, and a monitor to the present and to all succeeding generations.

I have spoken of the loftiness of its purpose. It has a purpose, and that purpose gives it its character; that purpose enrobes it with dignity and moral grandeur. That well-known purpose it is which causes us to look up at it with a feeling of awe. It is itself the orator of this occasion. It is not from

my lips, it could not be from any human lips, that that strain of eloquence is this day to flow most competent to move and excite you. The powerful speaker stands motionless before us. It is a plain shaft. It bears no inscriptions fronting to the rising sun, from which the future antiquary shall wipe the dust. Nor does the rising sun cause tones of music to issue from its summit. But, at the rising of the sun, and at the setting of the sun, in the blaze of noonday, or beneath the milder influence of lunar light, it looks, it speaks, it acts, to the full comprehension of every American mind, and the awakening of glowing enthusiasm in every American heart. Its silent but awful utterance; its deep pathos, as it brings to our contemplation the 17th of June, 1775, and the consequences which have resulted to us, to our country, and to the world, from the events of that day, and which we know must continue to rain influence on the destinies of mankind to the end of time; the elevation with which it raises us high above the ordinary feelings of life, — surpass all that the study of the closet or even the inspiration of genius can produce. To-day it speaks to us. Its future auditors will be the successive generations of men, as they rise up before it, and gather round it. Its speech will be of patriotism and courage, of civil and religious liberty, of free government, of the moral improvement and elevation of mankind, and of the immortal memory of those who, with heroic devotion, have sacrificed their lives for their country.

Woe betide the man who brings to this day's worship feelings less than wholly American! Woe betide the man who can stand here with the fires of local resentments burning, or the purpose of fomenting local jealousies and the stripes of local interests festering and rankling in his heart! Union,

established in justice, in patriotism, and the most plain and obvious interest; Union, founded on the same love of liberty, cemented by blood shed in the same common cause, — Union has been the source of all our glory and greatness thus far, and is the ground of all our highest hopes. This column stands for Union.

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## PENN'S MONUMENT.

R. J. BURDETTE.

BORN in stormy times, William Penn walked amid troubled waters all his days. In an age of bitter persecution and unbridled wickedness, he never wronged his conscience. A favored member of a court where statesmanship was intrigue and trickery, where the highest morality was corruption, he never stained his hands with a bribe. Living under a government at war with the people, and educated in a school that taught the doctrine of passive obedience, his lifelong dream was of popular government, of a state where the people ruled.

In his early manhood, at the bidding of conscience, against the advice of his dearest friends, in opposition to stern paternal commands, against every dictate of worldly wisdom and human prudence, in spite of all the dazzling temptations of ambition so alluring to the heart of a young man, he turned away from the broad fair highway to wealth, position, and distinction, that the hands of a king opened before him, and, casting his lot with the sect weakest and most unpopular in England, through paths that were tangled with trouble, and lined with pitiless thorns of persecution, he walked into honor and fame, and the reverence of the world,

such as royalty could not promise, and could not give him.

In the land where he planted his model State, to-day, no descendant bears his name. In the religious society for which he suffered banishment from home, persecution, and the prison, to-day, no child of his blood and name walks in Christian fellowship, nor stands covered in worship. His name has faded out of the living meetings of the Friends, out of the land that crowns his memory with sincerest reverence. Even the uncertain stone that would mark his grave stands doubtingly among the kindred ashes that hallow the ground where he sleeps.

But his monument, grander than storied column of granite, or noble shapes of bronze, is set in the glittering brilliants of mighty States between the seas. His noblest epitaph is written in the State that bears his honored name. The little town he planned to be his capital has become a city, larger in area than any European capital he knew. Beyond his fondest dreams has grown the State he planted in the wilderness by "deeds of peace." Out of the gloomy mines, that slept in rayless mystery beneath its mountains while he lived, the measureless wealth of his model State sparkles and glows on millions of hearthstones. From its forests of derricks and miles of creeping pipe lines, the world is lighted from the State of Penn with a radiance to which the sons of the founder's sons were blind. Roaring blast and smoky forge and ringing hammer are tearing and breaking the wealth of princes from his mines, that the founder never knew.

Clasping the continent from sea to sea, stretches a chain of States as free as his own. From sunrise to sunset reaches a land where the will of the people is the supreme law, — a land that never felt the

pressure of a throne, and never saw a sceptre. And in the heart of the city that was his capital, in old historic halls, still stands the bell that first, in the name of the doctrines he taught his colonists, proclaimed liberty throughout the land, and to all the inhabitants thereof. This is his monument, and every noble charity gracing this State is his epitaph.

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## CHARACTER OF WEBSTER.

THOMAS F. BAYARD.

IN a humble farm-house in the town of Salisbury, N. H., Daniel Webster was born. It was an American homestead of one hundred and sixty acres, that "quarter section," so well known to the land laws of the United States. There this great typical American first saw the light. There first he learned, from a pious mother's lips, the letters of the language that in later days, by speech and writing, he was destined to adorn. From that mother's teachings he imbibed in tender infancy those vital truths of religion and morality which formed the basis of his character, and to-day give strength and permanence to the immortal part that survives.

He was born in New Hampshire, and he died in Massachusetts, but he lived and died with a love for his whole country that never knew State lines, nor paused upon the imaginary boundaries of sections. Nature had gifted him with great powers of mind, coupled with warm and generous feelings. His intellect enabled him to comprehend the mighty and manifold interests of humanity, contained within the Federal Union, and his heart was large enough to embrace them all. Before or since, New England

has had no such champion or representative, but he gained no victory for her at the cost of other portions of his country; and in all the loving praise and manly defence of his own home, in no speech or letter, wherever uttered or written, not a thought or expression, belittling or derogatory to reputation, or wounding to the self-love of any other portion of his fellow-countrymen, have I found.

Mr. Webster was a statesman living under a written constitution of government, and his creed may neither be stated in a breath, nor condensed into a phrase. It would be as delusive as it is unjust to try such a man by phrases torn from their context, and by chance expressions, without interpreting them by the general meaning which surrounds them. But as to some meanings there is no doubt; and that Mr. Webster was the soldier of the constitution, because it created and continued the government of "a more perfect Union," is as fixed as the everlasting hills of his native State. With a vision that was prophetic, he witnessed the growing alienation of his countrymen, and the dangers to the Union which it threatened. These apprehensions clouded his anticipations, and the recorded and reiterated warnings and deprecations against sectional animosities, that burst from his very heart, are almost countless. They form part of his history, and read now and hereafter they will ever attest the sagacity of his mental vision, and the depth and sincerity of his patriotism.

He was a marvellous production, the very fruit and flower of our Republican institutions; and he trod with majestic step, the avenues so freely open to all, which lead, in this free land, from poverty and obscurity to the topmost heights of power and distinction. A kingly intellect throbbed beneath his

republican brow, and proclaimed its strength and dignity throughout his life; and now,

> "He is gathered to the kings of thought,
> Who waged contention with their time's decay;
> And of the past are all that cannot pass away."

The veil which hides from our eyes the future, no doubt conceals, in mercy, many an assault upon the peace, law, and liberty of the land we love; and in the misty foreground of the future, I fear there are dimly to be discerned forms and shapes of evil. But we must stand as the father of Webster stood, "a minute-man," ready for their defence, fortified, enlarged, and refreshed by the memories and the counsel of our great countryman, — Daniel Webster.

> "Though world on world in myriad myriads roll
> Round us with different powers,
> And other forms of life than ours, —
> What know we greater than the soul?
> On God and godlike men we build our trust."

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## SPIRIT OF HUMAN LIBERTY.

### DANIEL WEBSTER.

SIR, at the period of the birth of Washington, there existed in Europe no political liberty in large communities, except the Provinces of Holland, and except that England herself had set a great example, so far as it went, by her glorious revolution of 1688. Everywhere else despotic power was predominant, and the feudal or military principle held the mass of mankind in hopeless bondage. One half of Europe was crushed by the Bourbon sceptre, and no conception of political liberty, no hope even of religious toleration, *existed among* that nation which was

America's first ally. The king was the state, the king was the country, the king was all. There was one king with power not derived from his people, and too high to be questioned, and the rest were all subjects, with no political right but obedience. All above was intangible power; all below, quiet subjection. A recent occurrence in the French Chambers shows us how human sentiments on these subjects have changed. A minister had spoken of the "king's subjects." "There are no subjects!" exclaimed hundreds of voices at once, "in a country where the people make the king!"

Sir, the spirit of human liberty and of free government, nurtured and grown into strength and beauty in America, has stretched its course into the midst of the nations. Like an emanation from heaven it has gone forth, and it will not return void. It must change, it is fast changing the earth. Our great, our high duty is to show, in our example, that this spirit is a spirit of health as well as a spirit of power, that its benignity is as great as its strength, that its efficiency to secure individual rights, social relations, and moral order is equal to the irresistible force with which it prostrates principalities and powers. The world, at this moment, is regarding us with a willing, but something of a fearful admiration. Its deep and awful anxiety is to learn whether free states may be stable as well as free; whether popular power may be trusted as well as feared; in short, whether wise, regular, and virtuous self-government is a vision for the contemplation of theorists, or a truth established, illustrated, and brought into practice in the country of Washington. Sir, for the earth which we inhabit, and the whole circle of the sun, for all the unborn races of mankind, we seem to hold in our hands, for their weal or

woe, the fate of this experiment. If we fail, who shall venture the repetition? If our example shall prove to be one, not of encouragement but of terror, not to be imitated but fit only to be shunned, where else shall the world look for free models? If this great "Western Sun" be struck out of the firmament, at what other fountain shall the lamp of liberty hereafter be lighted? What other orb shall emit a ray to glimmer, even, on the darkness of the world?

Sir, there is no danger of our overrating or overstating the important part which we are now acting in human affairs. It should not flatter our personal self-respect, but it should reanimate our patriotic virtues, and inspire us with a deeper and more solemn sense both of our privileges and of our duties. We cannot wish better for our country, nor for the world, than that the same spirit which influenced Washington may influence all who succeed him; and that that same blessing from above which attended his efforts may also attend theirs.

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## THE COMPROMISE BILL OF 1850.

### DANIEL WEBSTER.

WHAT are we to do? How are we to bring this emergent and pressing question to an issue and an end? Here have we been seven and a half months disputing about points which, in my judgment, are of no practical importance to one or the other part of the country. Are we to dwell forever upon a single topic, a single idea? Are we to forget all the purposes for which governments are instituted, and continue everlastingly to dispute about that which is

of no essential consequence? I think, sir, the country calls upon us, loudly and imperatively, to settle this question. I think that the whole world is looking to see whether this great popular government can get through such a crisis. We are the observed of all observers. We have stood through many trials; can we stand through this, which takes so much the character of a sectional controversy? There is no inquiring man in all Europe, who does not ask himself that question every day, when he reads the intelligence of the morning. Can this country with one set of interests at the South, and another set of interests at the North, and these interests supposed, but falsely supposed, to be at variance, — can this people see what is so evident to all the world besides, that the Union is their main hope and greatest benefit, and that their interests in every part are entirely compatible? Can they see and will they feel that their prosperity, their respectability among the nations of the earth, their happiness at home, depend upon the maintenance of their Union and their Constitution?

I agree that local divisions are apt to warp the understanding of men, and to excite a belligerent feeling between section and section. It is natural, in times of irritation, for one part of the country to say, "If you do that, I will do this," and so get up a feeling of hostility and defiance. Then comes belligerent legislation, and then an appeal to arms. The question is, whether we have the true patriotism, the Americanism, necessary to carry us through such a trial. For myself, I propose, sir, to abide by the principles and purposes which I have avowed. I shall stand by the Union, and by all who stand by it. I shall do justice to the whole country, according to the best of my ability, in all I say, and act

for the good of the whole country in all I do. I mean to stand upon the Constitution. I need no other platform. I shall know but one country. The ends I aim at shall be my country's, my God's, and truth's. I was born an American, I will live an American, I shall die an American, and I intend to perform the duties encumbent upon me in that character to the end of my career. I mean to do this with absolute disregard of personal consequences. What are personal consequences? What is the individual man, with all the good or evil that may betide him, in comparison with the good or evil which may befall a great country in a crisis like this, and in the midst of great transactions which concern that country's fate? Let the consequences be what they may, I am careless. No man can suffer too much, and no man can fall too soon, if he suffer, or if he fall, in defence of the liberties and constitution of his country.

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## LIBERTY AND UNION.

### DANIEL WEBSTER.

I PROFESS, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our Federal Union. It is to that Union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That Union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences, these great interests immediately

awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and, although our territory has stretched out wider and wider and our population spread further and further, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all, a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness.

I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union may be best preserved but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed. While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that, I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that, in my day at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind!

When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood. Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high ad-

vanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, not a single star obscured; bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first and Union afterwards," but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds as they float over the sea and over the land and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart, — Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!

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## LIBERTY AND KNOWLEDGE.

### DANIEL WEBSTER.

SIR, our country stands, at the present time, on commanding ground. Older nations, with different systems of government, may be somewhat slow to acknowledge all that justly belongs to us. But we may feel without vanity, that America is doing her part in the great work of improving human affairs. There are two principles, sir, strictly and purely American, which are now likely to overrun the civilized world. Indeed, they seem the necessary result of the progress of civilization and knowledge. These are, first, popular governments, restrained by written constitutions; and secondly, universal education. Popular governments and general education, acting and reacting, mutually producing and reproducing each other, are the mighty agencies which in our day appear to be exciting, stimulating, and changing civilized societies. Man everywhere is now found demanding a participation in government, and he will not be refused. He demands knowledge as necessary to self-government.

see that it must produce war, and such a war as I will not describe in its twofold character.

And, now, Mr. President, instead of speaking of the possibility or utility of secession, instead of dwelling in those caverns of darkness, instead of groping with those ideas so full of all that is horrid and horrible, let us come out into the light of day; let us enjoy the fresh air of Liberty and Union; let us cherish those hopes which belong to us; let us devote ourselves to those great objects that are fit for our consideration and our action; let us raise our conceptions to the magnitude and the importance of the duties that devolve upon us; let our comprehension be as broad as the country for which we act, our aspirations as high as its certain destiny; let us not be pigmies in a case that calls for men. Never did there devolve on any generation of men higher trusts than now devolve upon us, for the preservation of this Constitution, and the harmony and peace of all who are destined to live under it. Let us make our generation one of the strongest and brightest links in that golden chain which is destined, I fondly believe, to grapple the people of all the States to this Constitution for ages to come.

No monarchical throne presses these States together; no iron chain of military power encircles them; they live and stand under a government, popular in its form, representative in its character, founded upon principles of equality, and so constructed, we hope, as to last forever. In all its history it has been beneficent, it has trodden down no man's liberty, it has crushed no State. Its daily respiration is liberty and patriotism; its yet youthful veins are full of enterprise, courage, and honorable love of glory and renown.

## EVIL OF DISUNION.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

E political prosperity which this country has ed, and which it now enjoys, it has acquired y through the instrumentality of the present nment. While this agent continues, the capa- f attaining to still higher degrees of prosperity also. We have, while this lasts, a political life le of beneficial exertion, with power to resist or ome misfortunes, to sustain us against the ordi- accidents of human affairs, and to promote, by efforts, every public interest. But dismember- strikes at the very being which preserves these ies. It would lay its rude and ruthless hand on reat agent itself. It would sweep away, not what we possess, but all power of regaining lost, quiring new possessions. It would leave the ry, not only bereft of its prosperity and happi- but without limbs, or organs, or faculties, by to exert itself hereafter in the pursuit of that erity and happiness.

er misfortunes may be borne, or their effects ome. If a disastrous war should sweep our erce from the ocean, another generation may it; if it exhausts our treasury, future industry replenish it; if it desolate and lay waste our still, under new cultivation, they will grow again, and ripen to future harvests. It were trifle even if the walls of yonder capitol were mble, if its lofty pillars should fall, and its gor- decorations be all covered by the dust of the ; all these might be rebuilt. But who shall struct the fabric of demolished government? shall *rear again the* well-proportioned columns

of constitutional liberty? Who shall frame together the skilful architecture which unites national sovereignty with State rights, individual security and public prosperity? No, sir, if these columns fall, they will not be raised again. Like the Colosseum and the Parthenon, they will be destined to a mournful, a melancholy immortality. Bitterer tears, however, will flow over them than were ever shed over the monuments of Roman and Grecian art; for they will be the remnants of a more glorious edifice than Greece or Rome ever saw,—the edifice of constitutional American liberty.

But let us hope for better things. Let us trust in that gracious Being who has hitherto held our country as in the hollow of his hand. Let us trust to the virtue and intelligence of the people, and to the efficacy of religious obligation. Let us trust to the influence of Washington's example. Let us hope that that fear of heaven which expels all other fear, and that regard to duty which transcends all other regard, may influence public men and private citizens, and lead our country still onward in her happy career. Full of these gratifying anticipations and hopes, let us look forward to the end of that century which is commenced. A hundred years hence, other disciples of Washington will celebrate his birth with no less of sincere admiration than we commemorate it. When they shall meet to do themselves and him the honor, so surely as they shall see the blue summits of his native mountains rise in the horizon; so surely as they shall behold the river on whose banks he lived, and on whose banks he rests, still flowing on towards the sea,— so surely may they see, as we now see, the flag of the Union floating on the top of the capitol; and then, as now, may the sun in its course visit no land more free, more happy, more lovely, than this our own country.

## SOUTH CAROLINA AND MASSACHUSETTS.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. PRESIDENT, I shall not acknowledge that the honorable member goes before me, in regard for whatever of distinguished talent or character South Carolina has produced. I claim part of the honor, I partake in the pride of her great names; I claim them for countrymen, one and all,— the Laurenses, the Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Sumpters, the Marions, — Americans all, whose fame is no more to be hemmed in by State lines than their talents and patriotism were capable of being circumscribed within the same narrow limits. In their day, they served the whole country, and their renown is of the treasures of the whole country. Him whose honored name the gentleman himself bears, does he esteem me less capable of gratitude for his patriotism or sympathy for his sufferings, than if his eyes had first opened upon the light of Massachusetts instead of South Carolina? Does he suppose it in his power to exhibit a Carolina name so bright as to produce envy in my bosom? No, sir; increased gratification and delight, rather. I thank God, that if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit which would drag angels down. When I shall be found, sir, to sneer at public merit, because it happens to spring up beyond the little limits of my own State, when I refuse for any cause the homage due to American talent, to elevated patriotism, to sincere devotion to liberty and the country; or, if I see extraordinary capacity and virtue in any son of the South, and if moved by local prejudice, or gangrened by *State jealousy*, I get up here to abate the

ithe of a hair from his just character and just fame, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth.

Sir, let me recur to pleasing recollections, let me remind you that in early times no States cherished greater harmony both of principle and feeling than Massachusetts and South Carolina. Would to God that harmony might again return. Shoulder to shoulder they went through the Revolution, hand in hand they stood around the administration of Washington and felt his own great arm lean on them for support. Unkind feeling, if it exist, alienation and distrust are the growth, unnatural to such soils, of false principles since sown. They are weeds, the seeds of which that same great arm never scattered.

Mr. President, I shall enter upon no encomium upon Massachusetts. She needs none. There she is; behold her and judge for yourselves. There is her history, the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston and Concord and Lexington and Bunker Hill, and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons falling in the great struggle for Independence now lie mingled with the soil of every State from New England to Georgia, and there they will lie forever. And, sir, where American liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives in the strength of its manhood and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it; if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it; if folly and madness, if uneasiness under salutary and necessary restraint, shall succeed in separating it from that Union by which alone its existence is made sure, — it will stand in the end, by the side of the cradle in which its infancy was rocked, it will stretch forth its arms with whatever of vigor it may still retain, over the friends w

tack has been made on the East he, he assures
s, did not begin it; it was made by the gentleman
om Missouri. Sir, I answered the gentleman's
peech because I happened to hear it, and because
chose to answer that speech, which if unanswered
thought most likely to produce injurious impres-
ions. I did not stop to inquire who was the origi-
al drawer of the bill. I found a responsible en-
lorser before me and it was my purpose to hold him
iable, and to bring him to his just responsibility with-
out delay. But, sir, this interrogatory of the honor-
able member was only introductory to another. He
proceeded to ask, whether I had turned upon him in
his debate from the consciousness that I should find
an overmatch, if I ventured on a contest with his
friend from Missouri.

Matches and overmatches! Those terms are more
pplicable elsewhere than here, and fitter for other
ssemblies than this. Sir, the gentleman seems to
rget where and what we are. This is a senate, a
nate of equals, of men of individual honor and
rsonal character, and of absolute independence.
e know no masters, we acknowledge no dictators.
is is a hall for mutual consultation and discussion,
an arena for the exhibition of champions. I
r myself, sir, as a match for no man; I throw the
lenge of debate at no man's feet. But, sir, since
honorable member has put the question in a man-
hat calls for an answer, I will give him an an-
and I tell him, that, holding myself to be the
lest of the members here, I yet know nothing
arm of his friend from Missouri, either alone
en aided by the arm of his friend from South
na, that need deter me from espousing what-
pinions I may choose to espouse, from debat-
enever I may choose to debate, or from speak-

ing whatever I may see fit to say on the floor of the Senate.

Sir, when uttered as matter of commendation or compliment, I should dissent from nothing which the honorable member might say of his friend. Still less do I put forth any pretensions of my own; but, when put to me as matter of taunt, I throw it back and say to the gentleman that he could possibly say nothing more likely than such a comparison to wound my pride of personal character. The anger of its tone rescued the remark from intentional irony, which otherwise, probably, would have been its general acceptation. But, sir, if it be imagined that by this mutual quotation and commendation, if it be supposed, that by casting the characters of the drama, assigning to each his part, to one the attack, to another the cry of onset, or if it be thought that, by a loud and empty vaunt of anticipated victory, any laurels are to be won here, — if it be imagined, especially, that any or all these things will shake any purpose of mine, I can tell the honorable member, once for all, that he is greatly mistaken, and that he is dealing with one of whose temper and character he has yet much to learn.

Sir, I shall not allow myself, on this occasion, I hope on no occasion, to be betrayed into any loss of temper, but if provoked, as I trust I never shall be, into crimination and recrimination, the honorable member may perhaps find, that in that contest there will be blows to take as well as blows to give; that others can state comparisons as significant, at least, as his own; and that his impunity may possibly demand of him whatever powers of taunt and sarcasm he may possess. I commend him to a prudent husbandry of his resources.

## A CENTURY FROM WASHINGTON.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

SIR, we are at the point of a century from the birth of Washington, and what a century it has been! During its course the human mind has seemed to proceed with a sort of geometric velocity, accomplishing for human intelligence and human freedom more than had been done in fives or tens of centuries preceding. Washington stands at the commencement of a new era, as well as at the head of the New World.

A century from the birth of Washington has changed the world. The country of Washington has been the theatre on which a great part of that change has been wrought, and Washington himself a principal agent by which it has been accomplished. His age and his country are equally full of wonders, and of both he is the chief. If the poetical prediction uttered a few years before his birth be true, if indeed, it be designed by Providence that the grandest exhibition of human character and human affairs, shall be made on this theatre of the Western world, if it be true that

> "The four first acts already past,
> A fifth shall close the drama with the dav.
> Time's noblest offspring is the last,"

how could this imposing, swelling, final scene be appropriately opened, how could its intense interest be adequately sustained, but by the introduction of just such a character as our Washington? Washington had attained his manhood when that spark of liberty was struck out in his own country which has since kindled into a flame and shot its beams over the

earth. In the flow of a century from his birth, the world has changed in science, in arts, in extent of commerce, in improvement of navigation, and in all that relates to the civilization of man.

But it is the spirit of human freedom, the new elevation of individual man, in his moral, social, and political character, leading the whole long train of other improvements, which has most remarkably distinguished the era. Society in this century has not made its progress like Chinese skill, by a greater acuteness of ingenuity in trifles, it has not merely lashed itself to an increased speed round the old circles of thought and action, but it has assumed a new character, it has raised itself from beneath governments to a participation in governments; it has mixed moral and political objects with daily pursuits of individual men; and, with a freedom and strength before altogether unknown, it has applied to these objects the whole power of human understanding. It has been the era in short, when the social principle has triumphed over the feudal principle; when society has maintained its rights against military power, and established on foundations, never hereafter to be shaken, its competency to govern itself.

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## THE REPRESENTATIVE.

### DANIEL WEBSTER.

SIR, if the people have a right to discuss the official conduct of the executive, so have their representatives. We have been taught to regard a representative of the people as a sentinel on the watch-tower of liberty. Is he to be blind, though *visible* danger approaches? Is he to be deaf, though

sounds of peril fill the air? Is he to be dumb, while a thousand duties impel him to raise the cry of alarm? Is he not, rather, to catch the lowest whisper which breathes intention or purpose of encroachment on the public liberties, and to give his voice breath and utterance at the first appearance of danger? Is not his eye to traverse the whole horizon with the keen and eager vision of an unhooded hawk, detecting through all disguises every enemy advancing, in any form, towards the citadel which he guards? Sir, this watchfulness for public liberty, this duty of foreseeing danger and proclaiming it, this promptitude and boldness in resisting attacks on the Constitution from any quarter; this defence of established landmarks, this fearless resistance of whatever would transcend or remove them, — all belong to the representative character, are interwoven with its very nature.

The first object of a free people is the preservation of their liberty; and liberty is only to be preserved by maintaining constitutional restraints and just divisions of political power. Nothing is more deceptive or more dangerous than the pretence of a desire to simplify government. The simplest governments are despotisms; the next simplest, limited monarchies; but all republics, all governments of law, must impose numerous limitations and qualifications of authority, and give many positive and many qualified rights. In other words, must be subject to rule and regulations. This is the very essence of free political institutions.

The spirit of liberty is indeed a bold and fearless spirit, but it is also a sharp-sighted spirit; it is a cautious, sagacious, discriminating, far-seeing intelligence; it is jealous of encroachment, jealous of power, jealous of man. It demands checks; it

seeks for guards; it insists on securities; it intrenches itself behind strong defences, and fortifies itself with all possible care against the assaults of ambition and passion. It does not trust the amiable weaknesses of human nature, and therefore it will not permit power to overstep its prescribed limits, though benevolence, good intent, and patriotic purpose come along with it. Neither does it satisfy itself with flashy and temporary resistance to illegal authority. Far otherwise. It seeks for duration and permanence. It looks before and after; and building on the experience of the ages past, it labors diligently for the benefit of ages to come. This is the nature of constitutional liberty; and this is our liberty, if we will rightly understand and preserve it.

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## "THE NATURAL HATRED OF THE POOR TO THE RICH."

DANIEL WEBSTER.

SIR, under the cover of the roofs of the capitol, among men sent here to devise means for public safety and the public good, it has been vaunted forth, as matter of boast and triumph, that one cause existed powerful enough to support everything, and to defend everything; and that was, "the natural hatred of the poor to the rich." Sir, I pronounce the author of such sentiments to be guilty of attempting a detestable fraud on the community; a double fraud, a fraud which is to cheat men out of their property, and out of the earnings of their labor, by first cheating them out of their understandings. "The natural hatred of the poor against the rich!" "*The* danger of moneyed aristocracy!" "A power

as great and dangerous as that resisted by the Revolution!" "A call to a new Declaration of Independence." Sir, I admonish the people against the objects of outcries like these; I admonish every industrious laborer in the country to be on his guard against such delusions. I tell him the attempt is, to play off his passions against his interests, and to prevail on him, in the name of liberty, to destroy all the fruits of liberty; in the name of patriotism, to injure and afflict his country; and in the name of his own independence, to destroy that very independence, and make him a beggar and a slave. Has he a dollar? He is advised to do that which will destroy half its value. Has he hands to labor? Let him rather fold them, and sit still, than be pushed on, by fraud and artifice, to support measures which will render his labor useless and hopeless. Sir, the great interest of this country, the producing cause of all its prosperity, is labor! labor! labor! We are a laboring community. A vast majority of us live by industry and actual occupation, in some of their forms. The Constitution was made to protect this industry, to give it both encouragement and security; but above all, security. To that very end and with that precise object in view, power was given to Congress over the currency, and over the money system of the country. In forty years' experience, we have found nothing at all adequate to the beneficial execution of this trust but a well-conducted national bank. That has been tried, returned to, tried again, and always found successful. If it be not the proper thing for us, let it be soberly argued against; let something better be proposed; let the country examine the matter coolly, and decide for itself. But whoever shall attempt to carry a question of this kind by clamor and violence and prejudice, whoever

would rouse the people by appeals, false and fraudulent appeals, to their love of independence, to resist the establishment of a useful institution, because it is a bank, and deals in money, and who artfully urges these appeals, wherever he thinks there is more of honest feeling than of enlightened judgment, — means nothing but deception. And whoever has the wickedness to conceive, and the hardihood to avow, a purpose to break down what has been found, in forty years' experience, essential to the protection of all interests, by arraying one class against another, and by acting on such a principle as that "the poor always hate the rich," shows himself the reckless enemy of all. An enemy to his whole country, to all classes and to every man in it, he deserves to be marked especially as the poor man's curse.

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## THE LOG-CABIN.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

It appears to some persons, that a great deal too much use is made of the symbol of the log-cabin. But it is to be remembered that this matter of the log-cabin originated not with the friends of the Whig candidate, but with his enemies. Soon after William H. Harrison's nomination, a writer in one of the leading administration papers spoke of his "log-cabin" and his use of "hard cider," by way of sneer and reproach. The whole party appeared to enjoy it, or at least they countenanced it by silent acquiescence. But it touched a tender point in the public feeling. It naturally aroused indignation. What was intended as reproach was immediately seized on as merit. "Be it so! Be it so!" was the instant

burst of the public voice. "Let him be the log-cabin candidate. What you say in scorn we will shout with all our lungs. From this day forward, we have our cry of rally, and we shall see whether he who has dwelt in one of the rude abodes of the West may not become the best house in the country."

All this is natural, and springs from sources of just feeling. Other things have had a similar origin. We all know that the term "Whig" was bestowed in derision, two hundred years ago, on those who were thought too fond of liberty; and our national air of "Yankee Doodle" was composed by British officers, in ridicule of the American troops. Yet, erelong, the last of the British armies laid down its arms at Yorktown, while this same air was playing in the ears of officers and men. It is only shallow minded pretenders who either make distinguished origin matter of personal merit, or obscure origin matter of personal reproach. Taunt and scoffing at the humble condition of early life affect nobody in this country, but those who are foolish enough to indulge in them, and they are generally sufficiently punished by public rebuke. A man who is not ashamed of himself, need not be ashamed of his early condition.

It did not happen to me to be born in a log-cabin, but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log-cabin, raised amid the snowdrifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early that, when the smoke rose from its rude chimney and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada. Its remains still exist. I make to it an annual visit. I carry my children to it, to teach them the hardships endured by the generations that have gone before them. I love to dwell on the

tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early aff tions, and the touching narratives and incider which mingle with all I know of this primitive fam abode. I mourn to think that none of those w inhabited it are now among the living; and if eve am ashamed of it or if I ever fail in affection veneration for him who reared it, and defended against savage violence and destruction, cherisl all the domestic virtues beneath its roof, a through the fire and blood of a seven-years' re lutionary war, shrunk from no danger, no toil, sacrifice, to serve his country, and to raise his cl dren to a condition better than his own, may name and the name of my posterity be blotted f ever from the memory of mankind!

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## EXECUTIVE POWER TO BE DREADED.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

THROUGH all the history of the contest for liber executive power has been regarded as a lion whi must be caged. So far from being the object of lightened popular trust, so far from being consider the natural protector of popular right, it has be dreaded, uniformly, always dreaded as the gr source of its danger. Who is he so ignorant of t history of liberty at home and abroad; who is yet dwelling, in his contemplations, among the pr ciples and dogmas of the Middle Ages; who is from whose bosom all original infusion of Americ spirit has become so entirely evaporated and exhal as that he shall put into the mouth of the Preside of the United States the doctrine that the defen *of liberty* "naturally results" to executive power a

is its peculiar duty? Who is he that, generous and confiding towards power where it is most dangerous, and jealous only of those who can restrain it, — who is he that, reversing the order of the State and upheaving the base, would poise the pyramid of the political system upon its apex? Who is he that, overlooking with contempt the guardianship of the representatives of the people, and with equal contempt the higher guardianship of the people themselves, — who is he that declares to us that the security for freedom rests in executive authority? Who is he that belies the blood and libels the fame of his own ancestors by declaring that they, with solemnity of form and force of manner, have invoked the executive power to come to the protection of liberty? Who is he that thus charges them with insanity, or the recklessness of putting the lamb beneath the lion's paw?

No, sir; no, sir; our security is in our watchfulness of executive power. It was the constitution of this department which was infinitely the most difficult part in the great work of creating our present government. To give to the executive department such power as should make it useful, and yet not such as should render it dangerous; to make it efficient, independent, and strong, and yet prevent it from sweeping away everything by its union of military and civil authority, by the influence of patronage and office and favor, — this, indeed, was difficult. They who had the work to do saw the difficulty and we see it; and if we maintain our system, we shall act wisely to that end, by preserving every restraint and every guard which the Constitution has provided. And when we and those who come after us have done all that we can do, and all that they can do, it will be well for us and for them if some popular executive, by the power of patronage and party, and

the power, too, of that very popularity, shall not hereafter prove an overmatch for all other branches of the government. I do not wish, sir, to impair the power of the President, as it stands written down in the Constitution, and as great and good men have hitherto exercised it. In this, as in other respects, I am for the Constitution as it is. But I will not acquiesce in the reversal of all just ideas of government; I will not degrade the character of popular representation; I will not blindly confide, where all experience admonishes me to be jealous; I will not trust executive power, vested in the hands of a single magistrate, to be the guardian of liberty.

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## PHILANTHROPIC LOVE OF POWER.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

SIR, good motives may always be assumed, as bad motives may always be imputed. Good intentions will always be pleaded for every assumption of power, but they cannot justify it even if we were sure that they existed. It is hardly too strong to say that the Constitution of the United States was made to guard the people against the dangers of good intentions, real or pretended. When bad intentions are boldly avowed, the people will promptly take care of themselves. On the other hand, they will always be asked why they should resist or question that exercise of power which is so fair in its object, so plausible and patriotic in appearance, and which has the public good alone confessedly in view.

Human beings, we may be assured, will generally exercise power when they can get it, and they will exercise it most undoubtedly, in popular governments, under pretences of public safety or high pub-

lic interest. It may be possible that good intentions do really sometimes exist when constitutional restraints are disregarded. There are men in all ages who mean to exercise power usefully, but they mean to exercise it. They mean to govern well, but they mean to govern. They promise to be kind masters, but they mean to be masters. They think there need be but little restraint upon themselves. Their notion of the public interest is apt to be quite closely connected with their own exercise of authority. They may not, indeed, always understand their own motives; the love of power may sink too deep in their own hearts even for their own scrutiny, and may pass with themselves for mere patriotism and benevolence.

A character has been drawn of a very eminent citizen of Massachusetts, of the last age, which, though I think it does not entirely belong to him, yet very well describes a certain class of public men. It was said of this distinguished son of Massachusetts that in matters of politics and government he cherished the most kind and benevolent feelings towards the whole earth. He earnestly desired to see all nations well governed, and to bring about this happy result he wished that the United States might govern all the rest of the world, that Massachusetts might govern the United States, that Boston might govern Massachusetts and, as for himself, his own humble ambition would be satisfied by governing the little town of Boston.

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## AGAINST WHIPPING IN THE NAVY.

R. F. STOCKTON.

I LOVE the navy. When I speak of the navy, I mean the sailor as well as the officer. They are all my fellow-citizens and yours, and come what may,

my voice will ever be raised against a punishment which degrades my countrymen to the level of brutes, and destroys all that is worth living for, — personal honor and self-respect. In many a bloody conflict has the superiority of American sailors decided the battle in our favor. I desire to secure and preserve that superiority. But, can nobleness of sentiment or honorable pride of character dwell with one whose every muscle has been made to quiver under the lash? Can he long continue to love a country whose laws crush out all the dignity of manhood, and rouse all the exasperation of hate in his breast?

Look to your history, that part which the world knows by heart, and you will find on its brightest page the glorious achievements of the American sailor. Whatever his country has done to disgrace him and break his spirit, he never has disgraced her. Man for man he asks no odds, and he cares for no odds when the cause of humanity, or the glory of his country calls him to the fight. Who, in the darkest days of our Revolution, carried your flag into the very chops of the British Channel, bearded the lion in his den, and awoke the echo of old Albion's hills by the thunder of his cannon, and the shouts of his triumph? It was the American sailor! and the names of John Paul Jones and the "Bon Homme Richard" will go down the annals of time forever. Who struck the first blow that humbled the Barbary flag, which for a hundred years had been the terror of Christendom, drove it from the Mediterranean, and put an end to the infamous tribute it had been accustomed to exact? It was the American sailor! and the names of Decatur and his gallant companions will be as lasting as monumental brass.

*In the* war of 1812, when your arms on shore were

covered with disaster, when Winchester had been defeated, when the army of the Northwest had surrendered, when the gloom of despondency hung like a cloud over the land, — who first relit the fires of national glory and made the welkin ring with shouts of victory? It was the American sailor! and the names of Hull and the "Constitution" will be remembered as long as we have a country to love. That one event was worth more to the country than all the money which has ever been expended for a navy. Since that day the navy has had no stain upon its national escutcheon, but has been cherished as your pride and glory. The American sailor has established a reputation throughout the world for a heroism and prowess unsurpassed.

The great climax of Cicero in his speech against Verres is, "that though a Roman citizen, his client had been scourged." Will this more than Roman Senate long debate whether an American citizen, sailor though he be, shall be robbed of his rights? Whether, freeman as he is, he shall be scourged like a slave? Shall any American citizen be scourged? Forbid it, Heaven! Humanity forbid it! For myself, I would rather see the navy abolished or buried in the depths of the ocean, than that those who won for it all its renown, should be subjected to a punishment so brutal, to an ignominy so undeserved!

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## THE TEMPLE OF HUMAN LIBERTY

J. S. HOLMES.

WHO can doubt that the union of these States shall last as long as the divine purpose that established them? Look at the great movements of time, and events that were necessarily anterior to the

erection of this government. Centuries had to pass before the great tide of civilization which, from the garden eastward in Eden, spreading with seeming ebb and flow, yet with constant progression, reached these shores, bearing on its crested wave the heroic Columbus, the pilot of that greater company which came hither to lay the foundation of a western empire. Generations of statesmen had to live and spend the energy of their wisdom upon theories and forms of government; nations had to grow to greatness, and tremble to their fall; dynasties and kingdoms had to contend with every form of human passion, and yield to every form of decay incident to human weakness and vice, — before this people could be created. For there is a positive relation of human events, one to another. The great moral and political forces of life act as certainly as the great forces of nature. They are but a higher development of nature, and are obedient to the same authority as that which has set the stars in their places, and given perfume and beauty to the flower of the field. And thus from the first patriarchal government to the creation of our own Republic, all things conspired, all things wrought towards it. The greatness of our day rests upon foundations older than the Pyramids, more venerable than the Temple of the Sun. We believe that the labor of our political life and institutions is not yet finished, that we have not reached the full development of the power within us, that we have not yet accomplished the magnificent destiny assigned us. Here, where there were no crumbling ruins of old establishments, no monumental stones, or storied arches, the remains of our ancient and extinguished glory; no places consecrated by priestly ceremony, or the authority of kings; upon a broad *open* space that never had been builded upon or

occupied by human government, the will of God laid the foundation of these States and erected them into one, — the noblest temple of human liberty that the world has ever seen or ever shall see. The wrath of man, the folly of man, may mar its beauty; neglect may dim the lustre of its ornaments; violence may deface its altar; tumult disturb its worship: but the massive walls and knitted roof of that temple cannot be shaken; its gates shall be thronged and its service shall be ministered, so long as the largest freedom of man is necessary to the purposes of God.

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## LOSS OF NATIONAL CHARACTER.

JONATHAN MAXCY.

THE loss of a firm national character, or the degradation of a nation's honor, is the inevitable prelude to her destruction. Behold the once proud fabric of a Roman Empire, an empire carrying its arts and arms into every part of the eastern continent, the monarchs of mighty kingdoms dragged at the wheels of her triumphal chariots, her eagle waving over the ruins of desolated countries! Where is her splendor, her wealth, her power, her glory? Extinguished forever! Her mouldering temples, the mournful vestiges of her former grandeur, afford a shelter to her muttering monks. Where are her statesmen, her sages, her philosophers, her orators, her generals? Go to their solitary tombs and inquire. She lost her national character, and her destruction followed. The ramparts of her national pride were broken down, and Vandalism desolated her classic fields. Such, the warning voice of antiquity, the example of all republics proclaim, may be our fate.

But let us no longer indulge these gloomy antici-

pations. The commencement of our liberty presages the dawn of a brighter period to the world. That bold, enterprising spirit which conducted our heroes to peace and safety, and gave us a lofty rank amid the empires of the world, still animates the bosoms of their descendants. Place their example before you. Let the sparks of their veteran wisdom flash across your minds, and the sacred altars of your liberty, crowned with immortal honors, rise before you. Relying on the virtue, the courage, the patriotism, and the strength of our country, we may expect our national character will become more energetic, our citizens more enlightened, and may hail the age as not far distant when will be heard as the proudest exclamation of man, — I am an American!

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## OUR NATIONAL CHARACTER.

### EDWARD EVERETT.

How is the spirit of a free people to be formed and animated and cheered, but out of the storehouse of its own historic recollections? Are we to be eternally ringing the changes upon Marathon and Thermopylæ? going back to read in obscure texts of Latin and Greek of the exemplars of patriotic virtue? We can find them nearer home, in our own country, on our own soil. Strains of the noblest sentiment that ever swelled in the breast of man are breathing to us out of every page of our country's history, in the native eloquence of our mother tongue. Here we ought to go for our instruction. The lesson is plain, it is clear, it is applicable.

When we go to ancient history, we are bewildered with the difference of manners and institutions. We are willing to pay our tribute of applause to the

memory of Leonidas, who fell nobly for his country in the face of his foe. But, when we trace him to his home, we are confounded at the reflection that the same Spartan heroism to which he sacrificed himself at Thermopylæ, would have led him to tear his own child, if it had happened to be a sickly babe, — the very object for which all that is kind and good in man rises up to plead, — from the bosom of its mother and carry it out to be eaten by wolves. We feel a glow of admiration at the heroism displayed at Marathon, by the ten thousand champions of invaded Greece; but we cannot forget that the tenth part of the number were slaves, unchained from the workshops and door-posts of their masters, to go and fight the battles of freedom.

I do not mean that these examples are to destroy the interest with which we read the history of ancient times, but they do warn us, if we need the warning, to seek our great practical lessons of patriotism at home, out of the exploits and sacrifices of which our own country is the theatre, out of the characters of our own fathers. Them we know, — the high-souled, natural, unaffected, the citizen-heroes; we know what happy firesides they left for the cheerless camp; we know with what pacific habits they dared the perils of the field; there is no mystery, no romance, no madness under the name of chivalry, about them; it is all resolute, manly resistance, for conscience' and liberty's sake; not merely of an overwhelming power, but of all the force of long-rooted habits and native love of order and peace. Above all, their blood calls to us from the soil which we tread, it beats in our veins, it cries to us, not merely in the thrilling words of one of the first victims in this cause, — "My sons, scorn to be slaves!" — but it cries with a still more moving eloquence, — "My sons, *forget not your* fathers!"

## AMERICAN BATTLE-FLAGS.

CARL SCHURZ.

FROM Europe, Mr. Sumner returned late in the fall of 1872, much strengthened but far from being well. At the opening of the session of Congress, he reintroduced a resolution, providing that the names of battles won over fellow-citizens in the war of the Rebellion should be removed from the regimental colors of the army and from the army register. It was, in substance, only a repetition of a resolution which he had introduced ten years before, during the war, when the first names of victories were put on American battle-flags.

This resolution called forth a new storm against him. It was denounced as an insult to the heroic soldiers of the Union, and a degradation of their victories and well-earned laurels. It was condemned as an unpatriotic act. Charles Sumner insult the soldiers who had spilled their blood in a war for human rights? Charles Sumner degrade victories, and depreciate laurels won for the cause of universal freedom? How strange an imputation!

Let the dead man have a hearing. This was his thought: no civilized nation, from the republics of antiquity down to our days, ever thought it wise or patriotic to preserve in conspicuous and durable form the mementos of victories won over fellow-citizens in civil war. Why not? Because every citizen should feel himself with all others as the child of a common country, and not as a defeated foe. All civilized governments of our day have instinctively followed the same dictate of wisdom and patriotism.

The Irishman, when fighting for old England at

Waterloo, was not to behold on the red cross floating over him the name of the Boyne. The Scotch Highlander, when standing in the trenches of Sebastopol, was not, by the colors of his regiment, to be reminded of Culloden. No French soldier at Austerlitz or Solferino had to read on the tricolor any reminiscence of the Vendee. No Hungarian at Sadowa was taunted by any Austrian banner, with the surrender of Villagos. No German regiment from Saxony or Hanover, charging under the iron hail of Gravelot, was made to remember, by words written on a Prussian standard, that the black eagle had conquered them at Könizgratz and Langensalza.

Should the son of South Carolina, when at some future day defending the Republic against some foreign foe, be reminded by an inscription on the colors floating over him, that under this flag the gun was fired that killed his father at Gettysburg? Should this great and enlightened Republic, proud of standing in the front of human progress, be less wise, less large hearted than the ancients were two thousand years ago, and the kingly governments of Europe are to-day?

Let the battle-flags of the brave volunteers, which they brought home from the war with the glorious record of their victories, be preserved intact as a proud ornament of our State houses and armories; but let the colors of the army, under which the sons of all the States of the Union are to meet and mingle in common patriotism, speak of nothing but union. Not a union of conquerors and the conquered, but a union which is the mother of all, equally tender to all, knowing nothing but equality, peace, and love, among her children.

## CHARLES SUMNER.

CARL SCHURZ.

HONOR to the people of Massachusetts, who for twenty-three years kept in the Senate, and would have kept him there longer had he lived, a man who never, even to them, conceded a single iota of his convictions in order to remain there. And what a life was his! A life so wholly devoted to what was good and noble! There he stood in the midst of the grasping materialism of his times, around him the eager chase for the almighty dollar, no thought of opportunity ever entering the smallest corner of his mind and disturbing his high endeavors; with a virtue which the possession of power could not even tempt, much less debauch, from whose presence the very thought of corruption instinctively shrunk back; a life so unspotted, an integrity so intact, a character so high, that the most daring eagerness of calumny, the most wanton audacity of insinuation, standing on tiptoe, could not touch the soles of his shoes.

He is at rest now, the brave old champion, whose face and bearing were so austere, but whose heart was so full of tenderness; who began his career with a pathetic appeal for universal peace and charity, and whose whole life was an arduous, incessant, never-resting struggle, which left him all covered with scars. We can but remember his lofty ideals of liberty and equality and justice and reconciliation and purity, and the earnestness and courage and touching fidelity with which he fought for them, — so genuine in his sincerity, so single-minded in his zeal, so heroic in his devotion.

Oh, that we could, but for one short hour, call him *from his* grave to let him see, with the same eyes that

saw so much hostility, that those who stood against him in the struggles of his life are his enemies no longer! We would show him the fruit of the conflicts and sufferings of his last three years, and that he had not struggled and suffered in vain. We would bring before him not only those who from offended partisan zeal assailed him and who now with sorrowful hearts praise the purity of his patriotism, but we would bring that man of the South, a slave-holder and a leader of secession in his time, whose words of respect, of gratitude, of tenderness we heard in the halls of the capitol; that man of the South should then do, what he deplored not to have done while he lived, he should lay his hand upon the shoulder of the old friend of the human kind and say to him, "Is it you whom I hated and who I thought hated me? I have learned now the greatness and magnanimity of your soul, and here I offer you my hand and heart!" Could he but see this with those eyes so weary of contention and strife, how contentedly would he close them again, having beheld the greatness of his victories.

People of Massachusetts, he was the son of your soil in which he now sleeps, but he is not all your own; he belongs to all of us in the North and in the South, to the blacks he helped to make free, and to the whites he strove to make brothers again. On the grave of him whom so many thought to be their enemy and found to be their friend, let the hands be clasped which so bitterly warred against each other. Upon that grave let the youth of America be taught, by the story of his life, that not only genius, power, and success, but, more than these, patriotic devotion and virtue, make the greatness of the citizen. If this lesson be understood, more than Charles Sumner's living word could have done for the glory of America,

will be done, by his great example; and it may truly be said that although his body lies in the earth, yet in the assured rights of all, in the brotherhood of a reunited people, and in a purified Republic, he still lives and will live forever.

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## DEDICATION OF GETTYSBURG CEMETERY.

### ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war testing whether that nation or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure.

We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who have given their lives that that nation might live. But, in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far beyond our power to add or to detract. The world will very little note or long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated to the unfinished work they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

## THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT.

JOHN L. SWIFT.

THIS monument, faultless as a work of art, built by the generosity of willing hands and loving hearts, should be a perpetual rebuke to those who cavil about, or croak over our impending dangers. This monument is not raised to ornament a fleeting political shadow or crumbling fabric of government, it is raised to add its weight of confidence in the best country and government on earth; a country and government whose course of greatness and whose measure of national purity and perfection are but begun. This monument is here to extol the fact that these men did not suffer nor die for naught, when they devoted their existence to the noblest military contest of which the human race can boast.

For no barren project of local vanity, not for the revival of the traditions of combats of slaughter on hostile fields, but to immortalize patriots and patriotism, do we, in sober demeanor, with serious thought and with reverend words, bequeath to succeeding generations this gift of the loyal living in remembrance of the loyal dead. A great Union soldier once said, "Forgiving the past, but not forgetting it, we will cherish the memories of the war forever!" That, with us is a universal sentiment, for we have nothing, save our religion, that is purer or loftier to cherish, than the memories of the war. At once we dismiss the babble, that anniversaries reserved to decorate the final resting-place of soldiers, and monuments erected in their esteem, tend to keep alive the recollections of civil war. Thank God those recollections are, and are to be kept alive!

Alas for the American nation when it no
thrills with conscious pride, to the memories
grandest hour! It would be a criminal slan
human nature to impute indifference on our p
the men who made us what we are.

Whiter, for the fires that strove to black
blast its fame; purer, for the blood that wate
base; stronger, for the tramp of armed men
its assaulted portals, — we, now and here, rej
the rescued temple of our liberties. The cre
glory of the undesecrated walls of that tem
of its unmoved foundations are due to the wo
hardships of the American soldier. It wa
service which made us to-day, fellow-citizens e
the same rights, the same chances, the same i
lable career, whether we hail from the East
the West, from the North or from the South.
then to the American soldier now and ever!
him in sermon and speech! Honor him in
stanza, and epic! Honor him in the un
forms by which art seeks to prolong his well-
fame! Honor the volunteer soldier, who, wh
work of devastation and death was ended, pu
his armor, melting into the sea of citizenship,
no ripple of disturbance upon its surface!
the citizen soldier of America, who never kn
feeling of vindictiveness or revenge!

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## OUR HEROES AND MARTYRS.

EDWIN H. CHAPIN.

OUR heroes and martyrs! they are identifi
the names that live upon the lips of millions
heroes and martyrs! a cloud of witnesses
*spirit* and worth of the nation.

Our heroes! named in the homes of all who have left home and occupation, comfort and kindred, and stood in the midst of battle; presented to us in glorious clusters on many a deck and field. These are the men who illustrate the value of our country. But, where the hero stands, there also the martyr dies. With the chorus of victory blends the dirge, mournful yet majestic, too. The burden of that dirge, as it falls from the lips of wives and mothers, of fathers and children, is sad and tender, but, as time passes on and it reissues from a nation's lips, it swells into exultation and honor, — "How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle!"

Some of us have read of that company, whom their brave officer had so often conducted to victory, who would never part with their dead hero's name. Still, day by day at the head of the regimental roll it is called aloud. The generation that loved him have passed away, but their sons, and their sons' sons, will ever and always love the honored name. "La Tour d'Auvergne," still first of the brave band, is summoned, and, ever and always a brave soldier steps from the ranks to reply, "Dead on the field of honor."

"Dead on the field of honor!" This, too, is the record of thousands of unnamed men, whose influence upon other generations is associated with no personal distinction, but whose sacrifice will lend undying lustre to the nation's archives and richer capacity to the nation's life. And yet, these martyrs are remembered by name. Go visit the homes of the land; homes of wealth and plenty, but richer now by the consecration of sacrifice; homes of toil and obscurity from which the right hand of support has been taken away, or the youthful prop, poor and obscure, — there these, the unknown fallen, have names

and riches of solemn tender memory. What aristocratic legend refers to a prouder fact than that which sl ll be recited in the still summer field where he labored, and by the winter fireside where his place is vacant, "He fell in the great war for Union and for freedom."

Sleep, sleep in quiet grassy graves, where the symbols that ye loved so well shall cover and spread over you, by day the flowers of red, white, and blue, by night the constellated stars, while out of those graves there grows the better harvest of the nation and of times to come!

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## OUR HONORED DEAD.

### HENRY WARD BEECHER.

How bright are the honors which await those who, with sacred fortitude and patriotic patience, have endured all things that they might save their nation from division, and from the power of corruption! The honored dead! They that die for a good cause are redeemed from death; their names are gathered and garnered; their memory is precious; each place grows proud for them who were born there. There is in every village, and in every neighborhood, a glowing pride in its martyred heroes; tablets preserve their names; pious love shall renew the inscriptions as time and the unfeeling elements efface them. And the national festivals shall give multitudes of precious names to the orator's lips. Children shall grow up under more sacred inspirations, whose elder brothers, dying nobly for their country, left a name that honored and inspired all who bore it.

Oh, tell me not that they are dead, that generous *host*, that army of invisible heroes! Are they dead

that yet speak louder than we can speak, and a more universal language? Are they dead that yet act? Are they dead that yet move upon society and inspire the people with nobler motives and more heroic patriotism? Ye that mourn, let gladness mingle with your tears; he was your son, but now he is the nation's; he made your household bright, now his example inspires a thousand households; dear to his brothers and sisters, he is now brother to every generous youth in the land; before, he was narrowed, appropriated, shut up to you; now he is augmented, set free, and given to all; before, he was yours, now he is ours; he has died to the family that he might live to the nation. Not one name shall be forgotten or neglected, and it shall by and by be confessed of our modern heroes, as it is of an ancient hero, that he did more for his country by his death than by his whole life.

O mother of lost children! sit not in darkness, nor sorrow whom a nation honors. O mourners of the early dead! they shall live again, and live forever; your sorrows are our gladness; the nation lives because you gave it men that loved it better than their lives. And when the nation shall sit in unsullied garments of liberty with justice upon her forehead, love in her eyes, and truth on her lips, she shall not forget those whose blood gave vital currents to her heart, and whose life given to her shall live with her life till time shall be no more. Every mountain and hill shall have its treasured name, every river shall keep some solemn title, every valley and every lake shall cherish its honored register, and, till the mountains are worn out and the rivers forget to flow, till the clouds are weary of replenishing springs and the springs forget to gush and the rills to sing, shall their names be kept fresh with reverent honors which are inscribed upon the book of national remembrance.

## TRIBUTE TO LINCOLN.

EMILIO CASTELLAR.

THE Puritans are the patriarchs of liberty. They opened a new path for the human conscience; they created a new society. Yet, when England tried to subdue them and they conquered, the Republic triumphed, but slavery remained. Washington could only emancipate his slaves. Franklin said that the Virginians could not invoke the name of God, retaining slavery. Jay said that all the prayers sent up to heaven by America, for the preservation of liberty while slavery continued, were mere blasphemies. Mason mourned over the payment his descendants must make for this great crime of their fathers. Jefferson traced the line where the black wave of slavery should be stayed. Nevertheless, slavery increased continually.

I beg that you will pause a moment to consider the man who cleansed this terrible stain which obscured the stars of the American banner. I beg that you will pause a moment, for his immortal name has been invoked for the perpetuation of slavery. Ah! the past century has not, the century to come will not have a figure so grand, because as evil disappears, so disappears heroism also.

I have often contemplated and described Abraham Lincoln's life. Born in a cabin in Kentucky, of parents who could hardly read, born a new Moses in the solitude of the desert where are forged great and obstinate thoughts, monotonous like the desert, and, like the desert, sublime; growing up among those primeval forests, which with their fragrance send a cloud of incense, and with their murmurs a cloud of

prayers to heaven; a boatman at eight years, on the impetuous current of the Ohio, and at seventeen, on the vast and tranquil waters of the Mississippi; later, a woodman with axe and arm felling the immemorial trees, to open a way to unexplored regions for his tribe of wandering workers; reading no other book than the Bible, the book of great sorrows and great hopes, dictated often by prophets to the sound of fetters they dragged through Nineveh and Babylon; a child of nature, in a word, by one of those miracles only comprehensible among a free people, he fought for the country, was raised by his fellow-citizens to the Congress at Washington, and by the nation to the presidency of the Republic. And, when the evil grew more virulent, when those States were dissolved, when the slaveholders uttered their war cry and the slaves their groans of despair, the wood-cutter, the boatman, the son of the great West, the descendant of Quakers, humblest of the humble before his conscience, greatest of the great in history, ascends the capitol, strong and serene with his conscience and his thought; before him a veteran army, hostile Europe behind him, England favoring the South, France encouraging reaction in Mexico, in his hands the riven country; he arms two millions of men, gathers a half-million of horses, sends his artillery twelve hundred miles in a week, from the banks of the Potomac to the shores of the Tennessee, fights more than a hundred battles, renews before Richmond the deeds of Alexander and of Cæsar; and, after having emancipated three million slaves, that nothing might be wanting, he dies in the moment of victory; like Christ, like Socrates, like all redeemers, — at the foot of his work. His work! sublime achievement! over which humanity shall eternally shed its tears, and pour his benedictions.

## DEATH OF GARFIELD.

JAMES G. BLAINE.

SURELY, if happiness can ever come from the honors or triumphs of this world, on that quiet July morning James A. Garfield may well have been a happy man. No foreboding of evil haunted him; no slightest premonition of danger clouded his sky. His terrible fate was upon him in an instant. One moment he stood erect, strong, confident in the years stretching peacefully before him; the next he lay wounded, bleeding, helpless, doomed to weary weeks of torture, to silence, and the grave.

Great in life, he was surpassingly great in death. For no cause, in the very frenzy of wantonness and wickedness by the red hand of murder, he was thrust from the full tide of this world's interests, from its hopes, its aspirations, its victories, into the visible presence of death, and he did not quail. Not alone for the one short moment in which stunned and dazed he could give up life, hardly aware of its relinquishment, but through days of deadly languor, through weeks of agony that was not less agony because silently borne, with clear sight and calm courage he looked into his open grave. What blight and ruin met his anguished eyes whose lips may tell! What brilliant broken plans! What baffled high ambitions! What sundering of strong, warm, manhood's friendships! What bitter rending of sweet household ties! Behind him, a proud expectant nation; a great host of sustaining friends; a cherished and happy mother, wearing the full rich honors of her early toil and tears; the wife of his youth, whose whole life lay in his; the little boys not yet emerged from childhood's days of frolic; the fair young daughter; the sturdy

sons just springing into closest companionship, claiming every day and every day rewarding a father's love and care; and in his heart the eager rejoicing power to meet all demands. Before him, desolation and darkness, and his soul was not shaken. His countrymen were thrilled with instant profound and universal sympathy. Though masterful in his mortal weakness, enshrined in the prayers of a world, all the love and all the sympathy could not share with him his suffering. He trod the wine-press alone. With unfaltering front he faced death. With unfailing tenderness he took leave of life. Above the demoniac hiss of the assassin's bullet he heard the voice of God. With supple resignation he bowed to the Divine decree.

As the end drew near, his early craving for the sea returned. The stately mansion of power had been to him the wearisome hospital of pain, and he begged to be taken from its prison walls, from its oppressive stifling air, from its homelessness and its hopelessness. Gently, silently, the love of a great people bore the pale sufferer to the longed-for healing of the sea, to live, or die, as God should will, within sight of its heaving billows, within sound of its manifold voices. With wan, fevered face, tenderly lifted to the cooling breeze, he looked wistfully upon the ocean's changing wonders; on its far sails whitening in the morning light; on its restless waves rolling shoreward to break and die beneath the noonday sun; on the red clouds of evening arching low to the horizon; on the serene and shining pathway of the stars. Let us think that his dying eyes read a mystic meaning which only the rapt and parting soul may know. Let us believe that in the silence of the receding world he heard the great waves breaking on a further shore, and felt already upon his wasted brow the breath of the eternal morning.

## GENERAL GRANT, THE SILENT CAPTAIN.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

On the 30th of April, 1864, President Lincoln wrote to Lieutenant-General Grant, "And now, with a brave army and a just cause, may God defend you." And indeed, if those who win battles and save civilization are dear to the hearts of men, how cherished will be the memory of the tenacious soldier whom nothing could shake off from success. Breaking up on the Rapidan in early May, he forced his fiery way through the wilderness, — and was called a butcher. By one of the most masterly and daring of military movements he threw his whole army over the James, and forced the enemy into the capital, — and was called incapable. The praise of peace faded, and the victory was not won; the bells of the Fourth of July died away, and the victory was not won. "He 'll do no more," shouted the exultant friends of the Rebellion. They did not know the man. They did not remember Vicksburg, they did not remember Chattanooga. Undismayed by delay, holding Richmond in both hands, he ordered Thomas to annihilate Hood, — and he did it. He ordered Terry to take Fort Fisher, — and he took it. He ordered Sheridan to sweep the Shenandoah, — and he swept it clean. The terror of Sherman's presence, one hundred miles away, emptied Charleston of troops; across Georgia, across South Carolina into North Carolina he moved undaunted, scourging the land with fire. The Silent Captain by the river, still holding his antagonist's foot in the capital, had shown by the end of March that the army of that antagonist was the Rebellion, and he prepared to strike. Then the genius of the great commander, by the tireless valor

his soldiers, lighted all along the line, burst over enemy's works, crushed his ranks, forced his 'eat, and at the same moment checked the rebel ht, and overwhelmed Lee and his army. Thus ned and closed the great campaign. Thus the :nt Captain by the river, when his lieutenants had ıred their fame, put on the crown of victory and ed the civil war.

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## SPEECH AT HAMBURG, JULY 4.

ULYSSES S. GRANT.

SHARE with you all the pleasure and gratitude :h Americans so far away from home should on this anniversary. But I must dissent from remark of our consul to the effect that I saved country during the war. If our country could saved or ruined by the efforts of any one man, should not have a country and we should not celebrating our Fourth of July. There are ıy men who would have done far better than I under the circumstances in which I found myduring the war. If I had never held command, had fallen, if all our generals had fallen, there e ten thousand behind us who would have done work just as well, who would have followed the :est to the end, and never surrendered the Union. herefore, it is a mistake and a reflection upon people to attribute to me, or to any number of who hold high commands, the salvation of the on. We did our work as well as we could, and lid hundreds of thousands of others. We deıd no credit for it, for we should have been unthy of our country, and of the American name, e had not made every sacrifice to save the Union.

What saved the Union was the coming fo
the young men of the nation. They ca
their homes and fields, as they did in the tin
Revolution, giving everything to the coun
their devotion we owe the salvation of the
The humblest soldier who carried a musk
titled to as much credit for the results of th
those who were in command. So long as o
men are animated by this spirit, there will b
for the Union.

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## ULYSSES S. GRANT.

GEORGE D. ROBINSON.

My lips are not to speak General Grant's
nor attempt to make a just, full, and compr
estimate of his work and life. The great
none the less a hero, because he was of the
lot of humanity. He was born under no
of fortune, but found in the call of the co
duty, the summons greeting him to a deve
to which his great powers, his unflinching
his unmoved calmness, never proved unequ
story of his rapid advancement from the u
life of a private citizen, by successive v
steps in campaign after campaign, until, in
to the universal demand of the people, he
the great chieftain of the greatest army that
massed in the most memorable conflict of t
has a wonderful history beyond words to
Again, his career as the great civil magistra
Republic, the leading acts of his administra
be left to the history that shall be written in
ing years.

*But* there is one thought that demands

now, and out of it comes the impression that is so firm in the hearts of the people. True, his opportunities and success as a military leader placed him before the people, and his exalted station as President of the United States moved him farther forward into the front rank of men. But the people have felt closer to Ulysses S. Grant, and had a deeper sympathy with him, and a truer trust in him, not because of his military leadership alone, nor because of his great services as chief magistrate of the Republic, but because he was, first and last, the true American citizen. Stepping from citizenship through the high ranks and places of power, he yet was man enough, when the responsibilities could be laid down, to put aside his great influence and control, and be one among his fellow-men. No flattery ever unmanned him. No honors, however abundantly bestowed at home or abroad, ever corrupted him. No attentions ever swerved him from the constant and prevailing recognition that he was an American. Indeed he lasted through all his life, a sure and perfect type of a strong, intelligent, loyal, fearless man, unspoiled by honors.

More demands our admiration. No one fails to see his great power as a man among men, to a higher degree than in his participation in home life. He, a loving and true husband, a fond father, found in the domestic circle the greatest delights of his life. The lesson coming to the people of the United States from this fact cannot be overestimated. The great Lincoln, the martyred Garfield, the heroic Grant, exalted though they were, honored above all their fellows, yet came in their great strength of human nature to enjoy the wealth there is in that purity and strength of home life that makes our institutions safer and surer.

In very truth he has fought the good fight, he has finished his course, he has kept the faith. The spot where his body rests will be, indeed, and forever, holy ground. In summer's heat or winter's blast, by sunshine or storm, millions will journey, through all the coming generations, to renew their devotion and fealty to the cause of human brotherhood and freedom. No structure, however costly or imposing, shall ever be his fitting memorial. That is found in the hearty and abundant recognition of his fellow-men. That is better built and stands firmer in the great American Union that was saved and perpetuated by his might and his valor. That shall rest its base on every inch of the territory of this great Republic, and in the coming time, in recognition of him and his services, it shall be perpetuated by a happy and prosperous and free people.

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## SYMBOLS OF THE REPUBLIC.

EDWIN H. CHAPIN.

As a symbol of the Republic, a sign and instrument of great power, I would select whatever illustrates the principle of political equality. I am speaking, not of our deficiencies, but of our possessions, not of the instances in which this doctrine of equality is practically contradicted, but of those in which it is practically acknowledged. The sovereignty of every man is a fundamental principle in our institutions. It is essential to the conception of a Republic, and so far as it is legitimately a Republic, we shall find this principle in operation. And, looking around for some extant symbol of this, let me select that which is the object of so much strife and agitation, — the Presidential Chair. I do not by any

means consider this the most comfortable seat in the nation, or that the most deserving man is sure to get there, but, as an emblem, I believe it illustrates the noblest privileges and the proudest supremacy on the face of the globe. And I refer to it as a possibility for the poorest and humblest child in the land. No hereditary gallery leads to it, only the broad road of the people. And as the highest seat of honor in the nation, it illustrates all the honors of the nation. They are possible to anybody; and I trust the time has not yet arrived when this can be said only by way of satire, can be true only because the waves of political corruption carry the meanest and unworthiest into office; but as a grand fact, a fact with which are involved the springs of our national greatness and power, it may be said that here there are no barriers of caste, no terms of descent, no depths so low that enterprise cannot rise out of them, no heights so exalted that genius cannot attain them; for, on a platform as level to the peasant's threshold as to the nabob's door, stands the judge's bench, the senator's seat, and the Presidential Chair.

But there is a symbol which represents the power and greatness of a Republic more significantly than this. It is the fruit of unfettered thought and political equality, of intelligence and virtue, of private sovereignty and public duty; — it is a free, true, harmonious Man. As the crown or the sceptre is the symbol of a monarchy, as heraldic honors are the symbols of an oligarchy, so, I repeat, the most expressive symbol of a Republic is a Man, — a man free in limb and soul, a man intelligent and self-governed, a man whose spiritual vision is clear, in whose breast the voice of conscience is peremptory, with whom conceptions of duties is deeper even than conceptions of rights; in short, a man who embodies

which every human being stands by virtue of
manity. And from that plane, mingling nov
common school with the lowliest and the k
we give you the opportunity to ascend as higl
may. We put into your hands the key of knc
leaving your religious convictions, with which
not interfere, to your chosen guides. So far a:
tellectual path may lead, it is open to you. G
And when we consider the great principles w
thus practically confessed; when we consi
vast consequences which grow out of this,
that little district schoolhouse dilates, grow
did, makes our hearts beat with admiration a
itude, makes us resolve that at all events, th
stand; for indeed it is one of the noblest syr
the Republic, a sign and instrument of a grea
having great power.

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## THE BALLOT-BOX.

EDWIN H. CHAPIN.

THE ballot-box is a symbol of political eqı
our Republic. I am aware that it is not eve
a consistent symbol, but to a large degree i
I know what miserable associations cluster
this instrument of popular power. I know
arena in which it stands is trodden into mir
feet of reckless ambition and selfish gree
wire-pulling and the bribing, the pitiful truck
the grotesque compromises, the exaggerat
the detraction, the melodramatic issues and t
patriotism, the party watchwords and the pa
names; the schemes of the few paraded as th
the many; the elevation of men whose only
the votes they command,—vile men whose h

would not grasp in friendship, whose presence you would not tolerate by your fireside; incompetent men whose fitness is not in their capacity as functionaries or legislators, but as organ pipes,—the snatching at the slices and offal of office, the intemperance and the violence, the finesse and the falsehood,—these are indeed but too closely identified with that political agitation which circles around the ballot-box.

But, after all, they are not essential to it. They are only the masks of a genuine grandeur and importance. For it is a grand thing; something which involves profound doctrines of right; something which has cost ages of effort and sacrifice; it is a grand thing that here, at last, each voter has just the weight of one man, no more, no less; and the weakest, by virtue of his recognized manhood, is as strong as the mightiest.

Consider, for a moment, what it is to cast a vote. It is the token of inestimable privileges, and involves the responsibilities of an hereditary trust. It has passed into your hands as a right reaped from fields of suffering and blood. The grandeur of history is represented in your act. Men have wrought with pen and tongue, and pined in dungeons, and died on scaffolds that you might obtain this symbol of freedom, and enjoy this consciousness of a sacred individuality. To the ballot have been transmitted, as it were, the dignity of the sceptre and the potency of the sword.

And that which is so potent as a right is also pregnant as a duty,—a duty for the present and for the future. If you will, that folded leaf becomes a tongue of justice, a voice of order, a force of imperial law, securing rights, abolishing abuses, erecting new institutions of truth and love. And, however you will, it is the expression of a solemn responsibil-

ity, the exercise of an immeasurable power for good or evil, now and hereafter. It is the medium through which you act upon your country, the organic nerve which incorporates you with its life and welfare. There is no agent with which the possibilities of the Republic are more intimately involved, none upon which we can fall back with more confidence than the ballot-box.

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## IS THIS ALL?

### WENDELL PHILLIPS.

THE saddest thing in the Union meetings of 1859 was the constant presence in all of them of the clink of coin, the whir of spindles, the dust of trade. I must confess these pictures of the mere industrial value of the Union made me profoundly sad. I look as beneath the skilful pencil, trait after trait appears, and ask at last, "Is this all? Where are the nobler elements of national purpose and life? Is this the whole fruit of ages of toil, sacrifice, and thought,—those cunning fingers, the overflowing lap, labor vocal on every hillside, and commerce whitening every sea,—all the dower of one haughty, overbearing race? The zeal of the Puritan, the faith of the Quaker, a century of colonial health, and then this large civilization, does it result only in a workshop,—fops melted in baths and perfumes, and men grim with toil? Raze out, then, the eagle from our banner, and paint instead Niagara used as a cotton-mill.

Oh, no! not such the picture my glad heart sees, as I look forward. Once plant deep in the nation's heart the love of right; let there grow out of it the *firm purpose* of duty; and then, from the higher

plane of Christian manhood, we can put aside, on the right hand and on the left, these narrow, childish, mercenary considerations.

> "Leave to the soft Campanian
> His baths and his perfumes;
> Leave to the sordid race of Tyre
> Their dyeing vats and looms;
> Leave to the sons of Carthage
> The rudder and the oar;
> Leave to the Greek his marble nymphs
> And scrolls of wordy lore";

but for us, the children of a purer civilization, the pioneers of a Christian future, it is for us to found a capitol, whose corner-stone is Justice, and whose top stone is Liberty; within the sacred precincts of whose holy of holies dwelleth One who is no respecter of persons, but hath made of one blood all nations of the earth, to serve Him. Crowding to the shelter of its stately arches I see old and young, learned and ignorant, rich and poor, native and foreign, Pagan, Christian, and Jew, black and white, in one glad, harmonious, triumphant procession!

> "Blest and thrice blest the Roman,
> Who sees Rome's brightest day;
> Who sees that long, victorious pomp
> Wind down the sacred way,
> And thro' the bellowing forum,
> And round the suppliant's grove,
> Up to the everlasting gates
> Of Capitolian Jove!".

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## AN APPEAL FOR THE CAUSE OF LIBERTY.

JOHN HARRINGTON.

I DO not say, elect this candidate or that candidate, I am not canvassing for any candidate. I am canvassing for the cause of liberty against slavery, I

am defending the reputation of Union against the slanderous attack of Disunion, against the fearful peril of secession. I appeal to you, as you are men, to act as men in this great crisis; to put your strong hands together and avert the overwhelming disaster that threatens us; to stand side by side, as brothers, — for we are indeed brothers, children of one father and one mother, heirs of such magnificent heritage as has not fallen to the lot of mortality before, co-heirs of freedom and inheritors of the free estate, fifty-five millions of free people born to our mother, the great Republic, who bow the knee to no man, who call no man master.

I appeal from license to law, from division to harmony, from the raging turmoil of angry and devouring passion without, to the calm serenity which reigns within these walls. As we turn in horror and loathing from the unbridled fury of human beings, changed almost to beasts, so let us turn in hope and security to those things we can honor and respect, to the dignity of truth, to the unbending strength of unquestioned right.

I appeal to you to make this day the greatest in your lives, the most memorable in our history as a nation. Lay aside this day the memories of the past, and look forward to the brightness of the future. Throw down the weapons of petty and murderous strife, and join together in perfect harmony of mutual trust. Be neither Republicans, nor Democrats, nor Independents. Be what it is your greatest privilege to be — American citizens. Cast parties to the winds and uphold the State. Trample under your freeborn feet the badges of party bondage, the ignoble chains of party slavery, the wretched hopes of preferment;

"Yes, by the blood our fathers shed,
O Union, in thy sacred cause,
Whilst streaming from the gallant dead,
It sealed and sanctified thy laws."

Yes, and strong hearts and strong hands will hold their own; the promise of brave men will prevail, and echoing down the avenues of time will strike grand chords of harmony in the lives of our children and our children's children. So, in the far-off ages, when hundreds of millions of our flesh and blood shall fill this land, dwelling together in the glory of such peace as no turmoil can trouble, and no discontent disturb, those men of the dim future will remember what we swore to do, and what we did; and, looking back they will say one to another, "On that day our fathers struck a mighty blow, and shattered and crushed and trampled out all dissensions, all party strife for ever and ever.

Choose, then, of your own heart and will, a man, to be our President and our leader. Elect him with one accord, and, as you give your voices in his choice, stand here together, knee to knee, shoulder to shoulder, hand to hand, and let the mighty oath go thundering up to Heaven, "This Union shall not be broken."

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## AGRICULTURE AND LOVE OF COUNTRY.

JOSEPH HOLT.

NEXT to the worship of the Father of us all—the deepest and grandest of human emotions—is the love of the land that gave us birth. It is an enlargement and exaltation of all the tenderest and strongest sympathies of kindred and home. In all centuries and climes it has lived, and defied chains, and dun-

geons, and racks, to crush it. It has strewed the earth with its monuments, and has shed undying lustre on a thousand fields on which it has battled. Through the night of ages, Thermopylæ glows like some mountain peak on which the morning sun has risen, because 2,300 years ago this hallowed passion touched its mural precipice and its crowning crags.

It is easy, however, to be patriotic in piping times of peace, and in the sunny hour of prosperity. It is national sorrow, it is war with its attendant perils and horrors, that test this passion, and winnow from the masses those who, with all their love of life, still love their country more. We honor commerce with its busy marts, and the workshop with its patient toil, and exhaustless ingenuity; but still, we would be unfaithful to the truth of history did we not confess, that the most heroic champions of human freedom, and the most illustrious apostle of its principles, have come from the broad fields of agriculture. There seems to be something in the scenes of nature, in her wild and beautiful landscapes, in her cascades and cataracts and waving woodlands, and in the pure and exhilarating air of her hills and mountains, that unbraces the fetters which man would rivet upon the spirit of his fellow-man.

It was at the handles of the plough, and amid the breathing odors of its newly opened furrows, that the character of Cincinnatus was formed and matured. It was not in the city, but in the deep gorges and upon the snow-clad summits of the Alps, amid the eagles and the thunders, that William Tell laid the foundations of those altars to human liberty, against which the surging tides of European despotism have beat for centuries, but, thank God! have beat in vain. It was amid the primeval forests and mountains, the lakes and leaping streams of our own land,

amid fields of waving grain, amid the songs of the reaper, and the tinkling of the shepherd's bell, that were nurtured those rare virtues which clustered, starlike, in the character of Washington, and lifted him in moral stature a head and shoulders above even the demi-gods of ancient story.

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## PLEA FOR THE OLD SOUTH CHURCH, BOSTON.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

A HUNDRED years ago our fathers announced this sublime declaration, "God intended all men to be free and equal." To-day, with a territory that joins ocean to ocean, with her millions of people, with two wars behind her, with the sublime achievement of having grappled with the fearful disease that threatened her life, and broken four millions of fetters, the great Republic launches into the second century of her existence.

With how much pride, with what a thrill, with what tender and loyal reverence, may we not cherish the spot where this marvellous enterprise began, the roof under which its first councils were held, where the air still trembles and burns with Otis and Sam Adams. Except the Holy City, is there any more memorable or sacred place, on the face of the earth, than the cradle of such a change? Athens has her Acropolis, but the Greek can point to no such results. London has her Palace, and her Tower, and her St. Stephen's Chapel, but the human race owes her no such memories. France has spots marked by the sublimest devotion, but the Mecca of the man who believes and hopes for the human race is not to

Paris, it is to the seaboard cities of the great Republic. And when the flag was assailed, and the regiments marched through the streets, what walls did they salute as the regimental flags floated by to Gettsyburg and Antietam? These! Our boys carried down to the battle-fields the memory of State Street, of Faneuil Hall, of the Old South Church.

We had signal prominence in those early days. It was on the men of Boston that Lord North visited his revenge. It was our port was to be shut and its commerce annihilated. It was Sam Adams and John Hancock who enjoy the everlasting reward of being the only names excepted from the royal proclamation of forgiveness. Here, Sam Adams, the ablest and ripest statesman God gave to the epoch, forecast those measures which welded thirteen colonies into one thunderbolt, and launched it at George the Third. Here, Otis magnetized every boy into a desperate rebel.

The saving of this landmark is the best monument you can erect to the men of the Revolution. You spend thousand of dollars to put up a statue of some old hero. You want your sons to gaze upon the nearest approach to the features of those "dead but sceptred sovereigns who still rule our spirits from their urns." But what is a statue of Cicero, compared to standing where your voice echoes from pillar and wall that actually heard his philippics? Scholars have grown old and blind, striving to put their hands on the very spot where bold men spoke or brave men died. Shall we tear in pieces the roof that actually trembled to the words that made us a nation? It is impossible not to believe, if the spirits above us are permitted to know what passes in this terrestrial sphere, that Adams and Warren and Otis are to-day bending over us asking that the scene of

their immortal labors shall not be desecrated or blotted from the sight of men.

Consecrate it again to the memory and worship of a grateful people! Napoleon turned aside his Simplon road to save a tree Cæsar had once mentioned. Won't you turn a street, or spare a quarter of an acre, to remind boys what sort of men their fathers were? Think twice before you touch these walls. We are the world's trustees. The Old South no more belongs to us, than Luther's or Hampden's or Brutus's name does to Germany, England, or Rome. Each and all are held in trust as torchlight guides and inspiration for any man struggling for justice and ready to die for truth. The worship of great memories, noble deeds, sacred places, is one of the keenest ripeners of such elements. Seize greedily on every chance to save and emphasize them.

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## NEW ENGLAND.

S. S. PRENTISS.

GLORIOUS New England! thou art still true to thine ancient fame and worthy of thine ancestral honors! A thousand fond associations throng upon us, roused by the spirit of the hour! On thy pleasant valleys rest, like sweet dews of morning, the gentle recollections of our early life; around thy hills and mountains cling, like gathering mists, the mighty memories of the Revolution; and far away in the horizon of thy past gleam, like thine own bright northern lights, the awful virtues of our Pilgrim sires!

But while we devote this day to the remembrance of our native land, let us not forget the one in which our happy lot is cast. We exult in the reflection

that though we count by thousands the miles which separate us from our birthplace, still our country is the same. We are no exiles, meeting upon the banks of a foreign river to swell its waters with our homesick tears. Here floats the same banner which rustled above our boyish heads, except that its mighty folds are wider and its glittering stars increased in number.

The sons of New England are found in every State of this broad Republic. In the East, the South, and the unbounded West, their blood mingles freely with every kindred current. We have but changed our chamber in the paternal mansion; in all its rooms we are at home, and all who inhabit it are brothers. To us the Union has but one domestic hearth; its household gods are all the same. Upon us, then, peculiarly devolves the duty of feeding the fires upon that kindly hearth, of guarding with pious care those sacred household gods.

We cannot do with less than the whole Union; to us it admits of no division. In the veins of our children flows Northern and Southern blood. How shall it be separated? Who shall put asunder the best affections, the noblest instincts of our nature? We love the land of our adoption, so do we that of our birth. Let us ever be true to both, and always exert ourselves in maintaining the unity of our country, the integrity of the Republic!

Accursed, then, be the hand put forth to loosen the golden cord of the Union! But no, the Union cannot be dissolved! Its fortunes are too brilliant to be marred; its destinies too powerful to be resisted. Here, will be their greatest triumph, their most mighty development. And when, a century hence, this Crescent City shall have filled her golden horns; when within her broad-armed port shall be

gathered the products of the industry of a hundred millions of freemen; when galleries of art and halls of learning shall have made classic this mart of trade, —then may the sons of the Pilgrims, still wandering from the bleak hills of the North, stand upon the banks of the Great River, and exclaim with mingled pride and wonder, "Lo! this is our country! When did the world ever behold so rich, so magnificent, a city; so great, so glorious a republic!"

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## A DAY OF OUR COUNTRY.

JOHN D. LONG.

OUR beloved country is more than a hundred years old. A century has come and gone. It is indeed but as a day, yet what a day. Not the short sullen day of winter, but the long and glorious summer day of June. It rose in the twilight glimmerings of the dawn at Lexington, and its rays falling on the mingled dew and gore of that green sward, and later, across the rebel gun-barrels of Bunker Hill, broke in the full splendor of the first Fourth of July, and lay warm upon the bell in the tower of Independence Hall, as it rang out upon the air the cry of a free nation newly born.

Its morning sun, now radiant, now obscured, shone over the battle-fields of the Revolution, over the ice of the Delaware, over the ramparts at Yorktown. It looked down upon the calm figure of Washington, inaugurating the new government under the Constitution. It saw the slow but steady consolidation of the Union. It saw the Republic grow in wealth and population, sending its ships into every sea, and its pioneers into the wilds of Oregon, and the lakes of the North. It burst through the clouds of the war

of 1812, and saw the navy of the young nation triumph, in encounters as romantic as those of armed knights in tournament. It heard the arguments of Madison, Hamilton, Marshall, Story, and Webster, determining the scope of the Constitution, and establishing forever the theory of its powers and restrictions. It beheld the overthrow of the delusion that regarded the United States as a league, and not a nation, and that would have sapped it with the poison of nullification and secession. It saw an era of literature begin, distinguished by the achievements of the historian, the thought of the philosopher, the grace of oratory, the sweet, pure verse of the American poets,—poets of nature and the heart. It caught the song of machinery, the thunder of the locomotive, the first click of the telegraph. It saw the measureless West unfold its prairies into great activities of life, product, and wealth. It saw the virtue, culture, and thrift of New England flow broad across the Mississippii over the Rocky Mountains and down the Pacific slope, expanding into a civilization so magnificent, that its grandeur and influence to-day overshadow the fount from which they sprang. It saw America, first wrenching liberty for itself from the hands of European tyranny, share it, free as air, with the oppressed peoples of Europe; carrying food to them in their starvation, offering them an ayslum, welcoming their co-operation in the development and enjoyment of the culture, freedom, and opportunity of the New World; and setting them an example of free institutions, and local popular government, which every intelligent and self-respecting people must follow.

Its afternoon was indeed overcast, and there came the fiery tempest of civil war, the heart of the nation mourned the slaughter of its patriots and the treason

of its children, yet welcomed them back to their place in the family circle. And now eventide has come, the storm is over, the long day has drawn to its close in the magnificent irradiation that betokens a glorious morning. We gather at our thresholds and hold sweet neighborly converse. Our children are about us in pleasant homes, our flocks are safe, our fields are ripening with the harvest. We recall the day, and pray that the God of the Pilgrim and the patriot will make the morrow of our Republic even brighter and better. May it indeed be the land of the free, the land of education and virtue, in which there shall be none ignorant or depraved, none outside the pale of the influence and sympathy of the best, and therefore, no swift or slow declension to corruption and death, no decline or fall, for the future historian to write.

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## WHO, AND WHAT, ARE GREAT MEN?

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

WHO, and what, are great men? "And now stand forth," says an eminent Swiss historian, who had completed a survey of the whole history of mankind, at the moment when, as he says, "a blaze of freedom is just bursting forth beyond the ocean," — "and now stand forth, ye gigantic forms, shades of the first chieftains, and sons of gods, who glimmer among the rocky halls and mountain fortresses of the ancient world; and ye conquerors of the world, from Babylon, and from Macedonia; ye dynasties of Cæsars, of Huns, Moguls, Arabs, and Tartars; ye commanders of the faithful on the Tigris, and commanders of the faithful on the Tiber; ye hoary counsellors of kings and peers of sovereigns; ye warriors

of the car of triumph, covered with scars and crowned with laurels; ye long rows of consuls and dictators, famed for your lofty minds, your unshaken constancy, your ungovernable spirit, — stand forth and let us survey for a while your assembly, like a council of the gods! What were ye? The first among mortals? Seldom can ye claim that title! The best of men? Still fewer of ye have deserved such praise! Were ye the compellers, the instigators of the human race, the prime movers of all their works? Rather let us say, that ye were the instruments, that ye were the wheels, by whose means the Invisible Being has conducted the incomprehensible fabric of universal government across the ocean of time!"

Instruments and wheels of the Invisible Governor of the Universe! This is indeed all that the greatest of men ever have been, or ever can be. No flatteries of courtiers, no adulations of the multitude, no audacity of self-reliance, no intoxication of success, no evolutions or developments of science, can make more, or other of them. This is "the sea mark of their utmost sail," the goal of their farthest run, the very round and top of their highest soaring.

Oh! if we could lift ourselves to a loftier sense of our relations to the Invisible; if in surveying our past history, we could catch larger and more exalted views of our duties and our responsibilities; if we could realize that the want of good men may be a heavier blow to a land than any want of what the world calls great men, — it would be the auspicious promise and pledge of a glorious second century of independence and freedom for our country!

For, if that second century of self-government is to go on safely to its close, there must be some renewal of that old spirit of subordination and obedience to

divine as well as human laws, which has been our security in the past. There must be faith in something higher and better than ourselves. There must be a reverent acknowledgment of an Unseen but All-seeing, All-controlling Ruler of the Universe. His Word, His day, His house, His worship, must be sacred to our children as they have been to their fathers; and His blessing must never fail to be invoked upon our land and upon our liberties. The patriot voice which cried from the balcony of the old State House when the Declaration had been originally proclaimed, "Stability and perpetuity to American independence!" did not fail to add, "God save our American States!" I would prolong that ancestral prayer; and the sum of all I can say to the present or the future shall be: There is, there can be, no independence of God. In Him as a nation, no less than in Him as individuals, "we live and move and have our being." God save our American States!

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## EULOGY ON O'CONNELL.

WM. H. SEWARD.

THERE is sad news from Genoa. An aged and weary pilgrim, who can travel no farther, passes beneath the gate of one of her ancient palaces, saying with pious resignation, as he enters its silent chambers, "Well, it is God's will that I shall never see Rome. I am disappointed, but I am ready to die." The "superb" though fading queen of the Mediterranean holds its anxious watch through ten long days over that majestic stranger's wasting frame. And now death is there; the liberator of Ireland has sunk to rest in the cradle of Columbus.

Coincidence beautiful and most sublime! It was the very day set apart by the elder daughter of the Church for prayer and sacrifice throughout the world, for the children of the sacred isle, perishing by famine and pestilence, in their houses and in their native fields. The chimes rung out by pity for his countrymen were O'Connell's fitting knell. His soul went forth on clouds of incense that rose from altars of Christian charity, and the mournful anthems which recited the faith and the virtue and the endurance of Ireland were his becoming requiem.

But has not O'Connell done more than enough for fame? On the lofty brow of Monticello, under a green old oak, is a block of granite, and underneath are the ashes of Jefferson. Read the epitaph; it is the sage's claim to immortality, "Author of the Declaration of Independence, and of the Statute for Religious Liberty." Stop now and write an epitaph for Daniel O'Connell: "He gave liberty of conscience to Europe, and renewed the revolutions of the kingdoms toward universal freedom, which began in America and had been arrested by the anarchy of France." Let the statesmen of the age read that epitaph and be humble! Let the kings and aristocracies of the earth read it and tremble!

Who has ever accomplished so much for human freedom with means so feeble? Who but he has ever given liberty to a people by the mere utterance of his voice, without an army or navy or revenues, without a sword, a spear, or even a shield? Who but he ever subverted tyranny and saved the lives of the oppressed, yet spared the oppressor? Who but he ever detached from a venerable constitution a column of aristocracy, dashed it to the earth, yet left the ancient fabric stronger and more beautiful than *before?* Who but he has ever lifted up seven mill-

ions of people from the debasement of ages to the dignity of freedom, without exacting an ounce of gold or wasting the blood of one human heart? Whose voice yet lingers like O'Connell's in the ear of tyrants, making them sink with fear of change, and in the ear of the most degraded slaves on earth, awaking hopes of freedom? Who before him has brought the schismatics of two centuries together, conciliating them at the altar of universal liberty? Who but he ever brought Papal Rome and Protestant America to burn incense together?

It was O'Connell's mission to teach mankind, that liberty was not estranged from Christianity, as was proclaimed by revolutionary France; that she was not divorced from law and public order; that she was not a demon, like Moloch, requiring to be propitiated with the blood of human sacrifice; that democracy is the daughter of peace, and like true religion, worketh by love.

Come forward, then, ye nations who are trembling between the dangers of anarchy and the pressure of despotism, and hear a voice that addresses the Liberator of Ireland from the caverns of Silence where Prophecy is born:—

> "To thee, now, sainted spirit,
> Patriarch of a widespread family,
> Remotest lands and unborn times shall turn,
> Whether they would restore or build; to thee,
> As one who rightly taught how Zeal should burn,
> As one who drew from out Faith's holiest urn
> The purest streams of patient energy."

## HOWARD, THE PRISONERS' FRIEND.

H. HUMPHREY.

WHY is it that the names of Howard and Thornton and Clarkson and Wilberforce will be held in everlasting remembrance? Is it not chiefly on account of their goodness, their Christianity, the overflowing and inexhaustible benevolence of their great minds? Such men feel that they were not born for themselves, nor for the narrow circle of their kindred and acquaintance, but for the world and for posterity. They delight in doing good on a great scale. Their talents, their property, their time, their knowledge, their experience, their influence, — they hold in constant requisition for the benefit of the poor, the oppressed, and the perishing. You may trace them along the whole pathway of life, by the blessings which they scatter far and wide. They may be likened to a noble river, which carries gladness and fertility, from state to state, through all the length of that rejoicing valley which it was made to bless; or, to the summer showers which pour gladness and plenty over all the regions that they visit, till they melt away into the glorious refulgence of the setting sun.

Such a man was Howard, the prisoners' friend. Christian philanthropy was the element in which he lived and moved, and out of which life would have been intolerable. It was to him that kings listened with astonishment, as if doubtful from what world of pure disinterestedness he had come. To him despair opened her dungeons, and plague and pestilence could summon no terrors to arrest his investigation. *In his* presence, crime, though girt with the iron pano-

ply of desperation, stood amazed and rebuked. With him home was nothing, country was nothing, health was nothing, life was nothing. His first and last question was, "What is the utmost that I can do for degraded, depraved, bleeding humanity, in all her prison-houses?" And what wonders did he accomplish! What astonishing changes in the whole system of prison discipline may be traced back to his disclosures and suggestions! and how millions yet to be born will rise up and call him blessed! Away! all ye Cæsars and Napoleons, to your own dark and frightful domains of slaughter and misery! Ye can no more endure the light of such a godlike presence, than the eye already inflamed to torture by dissipation can look the sun in the face at noonday!

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## TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

### WENDELL PHILLIPS.

If I were to tell you the story of Napoleon, I should take it from the lips of Frenchmen, who find no language rich enough to paint the great captain of the nineteenth century. Were I to tell you of Washington, I should take it from your hearts, you who think no marble white enough on which to carve the name of the Father of his Country. But, I am to tell you the story of a negro, Toussaint L'Ouverture, who has left hardly one written line. I am to glean it from the reluctant testimony of his enemies, men who despised him because he was a negro and a slave, hated him because he had beaten them in battle.

Napoleon at the age of twenty-seven was placed at the head of the best troops Europe ever saw. Cromwell never saw an army till he was forty. This man never saw a soldier till he was fifty. Cromwell man-

ufactured his army out of what? Out of Englishmen, the best blood in Europe. And with it he conquered what? Englishmen, their equals. This man manufactured his army out of what? Out of what you call the despicable race of negroes, debased, demoralized by two hundred years of slavery, 100,000 of them imported into the island within four years, unable to speak a dialect intelligible even to each other. Yet out of this mixed mass he forged a thunderbolt, and hurled it at what? At the proudest blood in Europe, the Spaniard, and sent him home conquered; at the most warlike blood in Europe, the French, and put them under his feet; at the pluckiest blood in Europe, the English, and they skulked home to Jamaica. Now, if Cromwell was a general, at least this man was a soldier. Cromwell was only a soldier, his fame stops there. Not one line in the statute book of Britain can be traced to Cromwell; not one step in the social life of England finds its motive-power in his brain. The state he founded went down with him to its grave. But this man no sooner put his hand on the helm of state, than the ship steadied with an upright keel, and he began to evince a statesmanship as marvellous as his military genius. In 1800, this negro made a proclamation, it runs thus: "Sons of St. Domingo, come home. We never meant to take your houses or your lands. The negro only asked that liberty that God gave him. Your houses wait for you, your lands are ready, come and cultivate them." And from Madrid and Paris, from Baltimore and New Orleans, the emigrant planters crowded home to enjoy their estates, under the pledged word—that was never broken—of a victorious slave.

I would call him Napoleon, but Napoleon made *his way* to empire over broken oaths and through s

sea of blood. This man never broke his word. "No retaliation," was his great motto and the rule of his life. I would call him Cromwell, but Cromwell was only a soldier. I would call him Washington, but the great Virginian held slaves. This man risked his empire, rather than permit the slave-trade in the humblest village in his dominions. You think me a fanatic, for you read history not with your eyes, but with your prejudices. But when Truth gets a hearing, the muse of history will put Phocion for the Greek, Brutus for the Roman, Hampden for England, Fayette for France, Washington as the bright consummate flower of our earlier civilization, and John Brown the ripe fruit of our noonday; then, dipping her pen in the sunlight, will write in the clear blue, above them all, the name of the soldier, the statesman, the martyr, — Toussaint L'Ouverture.

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## GALILEO GALILEI.

### EDWARD EVERETT.

THERE is much in every way in the city of Florence to excite the curiosity, kindle the imagination, and gratify the taste; but among all its fascinations, addressed to the sense, the memory, and the heart, there was none to which I more frequently gave a meditative hour, during a year's residence, than to the spot where Galileo Galilei sleeps beneath the marble floor of Santa Croce; no buildings on which I gazed with greater reverence than I did upon that modest mansion at Arceti, villa at once, and prison, in which that venerable sage, by command of the Inquisition, passed the sad closing years of his life. Of all the wonders of ancient and modern art, statues and paintings, jewels and manuscripts, the admira-

tion and delight of ages, there is nothing I beheld with more affectionate awe, than that poor little spy-glass, through which the human eye first pierced the clouds of visual error, which from the creation of the world had involved the system of the universe.

There are occasions in life in which a great mind lives years of rapt enjoyment in a moment. I can fancy the emotions of Galileo, when first raising the newly constructed telescope to the heavens, he saw fulfilled the grand prophecy of Copernicus, and beheld the planet Venus, crescent like the moon. It was such another moment as that, when the immortal printers of Mentz and Strasburg received the first copy of the Bible into their hands, the work of their divine art; like that, when Columbus, through the gray dawn of the 12th of October, 1492, beheld the shores of San Salvador; like that, when the law of gravitation first revealed itself to the intellect of Newton; like that, when Franklin saw by the stiffening fibres of the hempen cord of his kite, that he held the lightning in his grasp; like that, when Leverrier received back from Berlin the tidings that the predicted planet was found.

Yes, noble Galileo, thou art right! "It does move." Bigots may make thee recant it, but it moves nevertheless. Yes, the earth moves, and the planets move, and the mighty waters move, and the great sweeping tides of air move, and the empires of men move, and the world of thought moves ever onward and upward to higher facts and bolder theories. The Inquisition may seal thy lips, but they can no more stop the progress of the great truth propounded by Copernicus, and demonstrated by thee, than they can stop the revolving earth. Close now, venerable sage, that sightless, tearful eye! It has seen what man *never* before saw, it has seen enough. Hang up

that poor little spy-glass, it has done its work. Not Herschel nor Rosse have, comparatively, done more. Franciscans and Dominicans deride thy discoveries now, but the time will come when from two hundred observatories in Europe and America the glorious artillery of science shall nightly assault the stars, but they shall gain no conquests in those glittering fields, before which thine shall be forgotten. Rest in peace, great Columbus of the heavens! like him scorned, persecuted, broken-hearted. In other ages, in distant hemispheres, when the votaries of science shall dedicate their stately edifices to the cause of knowledge and truth, thy name shall be mentioned with honor!

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## ROBERT EMMETT'S LAST SPEECH.

My Lords! I am charged with being an emissary of France, — an emissary of France! and for what end? It is alleged that I wished to sell the independence of my country; — and for what end? Was this the object of my ambition? Is this the mode by which a tribunal of justice reconciles contradictions? No! I am no emissary! My ambition was to hold a place among the deliverers of my country, not in power, not in profit, but in the glory of the achievement. Sell my country's independence to France! And for what? For a change of masters? No, but for "ambition"!

Oh, my country! was it personal ambition that could influence me? Had that been the soul of my actions, could I not, by my education and fortune, by the rank and consideration of my family, have placed myself among the proudest of your oppressors? My country was my idol; to it, I sacrificed every selfish, every endearing sentiment, and for it I now

offer up my life. No, my Lords, I acted as an Irishman, determined on delivering my country from the yoke of a foreign and unrelenting tyranny, and from the more galling yoke of a domestic faction. It was for these ends I sought aid from France, because France, even as an enemy, could not be more implacable than the enemy already in the bosom of my country.

Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor! Let no man attaint my memory by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence! I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor for the same reason that I would resist the domestic tyrant. In the dignity of freedom, I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and its enemy should enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse. And am I, who lived but for my country, who have subjected myself to the dangers of the jealous and watchful oppressor, and now to the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights, and my country her independence, — am I to be loaded with calumny and not suffered to resent it? No! Heaven forbid!

If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who were dear to them in this transitory life, O ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father! look down with scrutiny upon the conduct of your suffering son, and see if I have, even for a moment, deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instil into my youthful mind, and for which I am now to offer up my life.

My Lords, you seem impatient for the sacrifice. Be ye patient. I have but a few words more to say. *My lamp* of life is nearly extinguished! My race is

run! The grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom! I have but one request to make at my departure from this world; it is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph; for, as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice nor ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times, and other men, can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written. I have done.

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## THE DEFENCE OF HOFER, THE TYROLESE PATRIOT.

You ask what I have to say in my defence, you who glory in the name of France, who wander through the world to enrich and exalt the land of your birth; you demand how I could dare arm myself against the invaders of my native rocks. Do you confine the love of home to yourselves? Do you punish in others the actions which you dignify among yourselves? Those stars which glitter on your breasts, do they hang there as a recompense for patient servitude?

I see the smile of contempt which curls your lips. You say, "This brute! he is a ruffian! a beggar! That patched jacket, that ragged cap, that rusty belt! Shall barbarians such as he close the pass against us, shower rocks on our heads, and single out our leaders with unfailing aim; these grovelling mountaineers, who know not the joys and brilliance of life, creeping amid eternal snows, and snatching with greedy hand their stinted ear of corn!"

Yet, poor as we are, we never envied our neighbors their smiling sun, their gilded palaces. We never strayed from our peaceful huts to blast the happiness of those who have injured us. The traveller who visited our valleys met every hand outstretched to welcome him; for him every hearth blazed as we listened to his tale of distant lands. Too happy for ambition, we were not jealous of wealth; we have even refused to partake of it.

Frenchmen! you have wives and children. When you return to your beautiful cities, amid the roar of trumpets, the smiles of the lovely, and the multitude shouting their triumphs, they will ask, "Where have you roamed? What have you achieved? What have you brought back to us?" Those laughing babes who climb your knees, will you have the heart to tell them, "We have pierced the barren crags, we have entered the naked cottage to level it to the ground; we found no treasures but honest hearts, and those we have broken because they throbbed with love for the wilderness around them. Clasp this old firelock in your little hands, it was snatched from a peasant of Tyrol, who died in the vain effort to stem the torrent"? Seated by your firesides, will you boast to your generous and blooming wives, that you have extinguished the last ember that lighted our gloom?

Happy scenes! I shall never see you more! In those cold, stern eyes I read my fate. Think not that your sentence can be terrible to me, but, I have sons, daughters, and a wife who has shared all my labors; she has shared, too, my little pleasures, such pleasures as that humble roof can yield, pleasures that you cannot understand. My little ones! should you live to bask in the sunshine of manhood, dream not of your father's doom! Should you live to know it, *know*, too, that the man who has served his God and

his country with all his heart, can smile at the musket levelled to pierce it!

What is death to me? I have not revelled in pleasures wrung from innocence and want; rough and discolored as these hands are, they are pure. My death is nothing. Oh, that my country could live! Oh, that ten thousand such deaths could make her immortal! Do I despair then? No. We have rushed to the sacrifice, and the offering has been in vain for us; but, our children shall burst these fetters; the blood of virtue was never shed in vain; Freedom can never die. I have heard that you killed your king once because he enslaved you, yet, now, again you crouch before a single man who bids you trample on all who abjure his yoke, and shoots you if you have courage to disobey.

Do you think that, when I am buried, there shall breathe no other Hofers? Dream you that, if to-day you prostrate Hofer in the dust, to-morrow Hofer is no more? In the distance I see liberty which I shall not taste; behind I look on my slaughtered countrymen, on my orphans, on my desolate fields; but a star rises before my aching sight which points to justice,—and it shall come!

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## IRISH ALIENS.

R. L. SHIEL.

I SHOULD be surprised, indeed, if, while you are doing us wrong, you did not profess your solicitude to do us justice. From the day on which Strongbow set his foot upon the shore of Ireland, Englishmen were never wanting in protestations of their deep anxiety to do us justice. Even Strafford, the deserter of the people's cause, while he trampled upon our

rights and trod upon the heart of the country, protested his solicitude to do justice to Ireland. What marvel is it, then, that gentlemen opposite should deal in such vehement protestations?

There is, however, one man of great abilities, whose talents and whose boldness have placed him in the topmost place in his party; who, disdaining all imposture, and flinging off the slender veil by which his political associates affect to cover, though they cannot hide their motives, distinctly and audaciously tells the Irish people that they are not entitled to the same privileges as Englishmen; and pronounces them in every particular to be aliens,—to be aliens in race, aliens in country, aliens in religion!

Aliens! Good God! Was Arthur, Duke of Wellington, in the House of Lords, and did he not start up and exclaim, "Hold! I have seen the aliens do their duty"? The Duke of Wellington is not a man of an excitable temperament; his mind is of a cast too martial to be easily moved, but notwithstanding this, I cannot help thinking that, when he heard his Roman Catholic countrymen designated by such a phrase, he ought to have remembered the many fields of fight in which we have been contributors to his renown. "The battles, sieges, fortunes, that he has passed," ought to have come back upon him. He ought to have remembered that, from the earliest achievement, in which he displayed that military genius which has placed him foremost in the annals of warfare, down to the last and surpassing combat, which has made his name imperishable,—from Assaye to Waterloo,—the Irish soldiers, with whom your armies are filled, were the inseparable auxiliaries to the glory with which his unparalleled successes have been crowned. Whose were the arms that drove your bayonets at Vimiera, Badajos, Salamanca,

Albuera, Toulouse, and last of all, the greatest,—tell me, for you were there (I appeal to the gallant soldier before me), tell me, if on that day, when the destinies of mankind were trembling in the balance, while death fell in showers, when the artillery of France was levelled with the precision of the most deadly science, when her legions, incited by the voice and inspired by the example of their mighty leader, rushed again and again to the onset,—tell me if for an instant, when to hesitate for an instant was to be lost, the "aliens" blenched? And when the moment for the last and decisive movement had arrived, when, with words familiar but immortal, the great captain cried, "Up, lads, and at them!"—tell me if Catholic Ireland, with less heroic valor than the natives of your own glorious country, precipitated herself on the foe?

The blood of England, Scotland, and Ireland flowed in the same stream, and drenched the same field. When the chill morning dawned, their dead lay cold and stark together. In the same deep pit their bodies were deposited; the dew falls from heaven upon their union in the grave. Partakers in every peril, in the glory shall we not be permitted to participate? And shall we be told, as a requital, that we are estranged from the noble country, for whose salvation our life blood was poured out?

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## CLOSE OF IMPEACHMENT OF HASTINGS.

### EDMUND BURKE.

My Lords, I have done; the part of the Commons is concluded. With a trembling solicitude we consign this product of our long, long labors to your charge. Take it! Take it! It is a sacred trust.

Never before was a cause of such magnitude submitted to human tribunal. My Lords, at this awful close in the name of the Commons and surrounded by them, I attest the retiring, I attest the advancing generations, between which, as a link in the great chain of eternal order, we stand! We call this nation, we call the world, to witness; that the Commons have shrunk from no labor; that we have been guilty of no prevarication; that we have made no compromise with crime; that we have not feared any odium whatsoever, in the long warfare which we have carried on with the crimes, with the vices, with the exorbitant wealth, with the enormous and overpowering influence of Eastern corruption.

My Lords, the Commons will share in every fate with your Lordships; there is nothing sinister which can happen to you in which we shall not be involved. And, if it should happen that your Lordships, stripped of all the decorous distinctions of human society, should, by hands at once base and cruel, be led to those scaffolds and machines of murder, upon which great kings and glorious queens have shed their blood, may you feel that consolation which I am persuaded that they felt in the critical moments of their dreadful agony.

My Lords, there is a consolation, and a great consolation it is, which often happens to oppressed virtue and fallen dignity. The Parliament of Paris had an origin very, very similar to that of the great Court before which I stand; the Parliament of Paris continued to have a great resemblance to it, even to its fall. The Parliament of Paris, my Lords, was! it is gone! It has vanished like a dream! It fell pierced by the sword of Comte de Mirabeau. And that man, at the time of his inflicting the death-wound of that *Parliament*, produced at once the shortest and grand-

est funeral oration that ever was made upon the departure of a great court of magistracy. Though he had himself smarted under its lash, yet he declared that, — their hands were as pure as those of justice itself, which they administered.

A great and glorious exit, my Lords, of a great and glorious body! And never was a eulogy, pronounced upon a body, more deserved. They were persons, in nobility of rank, in amplitude of fortune, in weight of authority, in depth of learning, inferior to few of those that hear me. Their enemies — the persons who sentenced them to death — were lawyers full of subtlety, they were enemies full of malice; yet they did not dare to reproach them with having supported the wealthy, the great, and powerful, and of having oppressed the weak and feeble, in any of their judgments, or of having perverted justice in any instance whatever.

My Lords, if you must fall, may you so fall! But if you stand — and stand I trust you will! — may you stand as unimpeached in honor as in power! May you stand not as a substitute for virtue, but as an ornament of virtue, as a security for virtue! May you stand long, and long stand the terror of tyrants! May you stand, the refuge of afflicted nations! May you stand, a sacred temple for an inviolable justice!

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## THE SWORD.

T. S. GRIMKÉ.

LIBERTY has lost by the sword far more than she ever gained by it. The sword was the destroyer of the Lycian Confederacy, and the Achaean League. The sword alternately enslaved and disenthralled Thebes, Athens, Sparta, Syracuse, Corinth. The

sword of Rome conquered every other free state, and finished the murder of Liberty in the ancient world, by destroying herself. What but the sword, in modern times, annihilated the republics of Italy, the Hanseatic towns, and the primitive independence of Ireland, Wales, and Scotland? What but the sword partitioned Poland; assassinated the rising Liberty of Spain; banished the Huguenots from France; and made Cromwell the master, not the servant of the people? What but the sword of republican France destroyed the independence of half of Europe, deluged the Continent with tears, devoured its millions upon millions, and closed the long catalogue of its guilt by founding and defending to the last, the most powerful, selfish, and insatiable of military despotisms?

The sword, indeed, delivered Greece from the Persian invaders; expelled the Tarquins from Rome; emancipated Switzerland and Holland; restored the Prince to his throne, and brought Charles to the scaffold. The sword redeemed the pledge of the Congress of 1776, when they plighted to each other, "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor"; and yet, what would the redemption of that pledge have availed, towards the establishment of our present government, if the spirit of American institutions had not been both the birthright and the birth-blessing of the Colonies? The Indians, the French, the Spanish, and even England, warred in vain, against a people born and bred at the domestic altar of Liberty herself. They had never been slaves, for they were born free. The sword was a herald to proclaim their freedom, but it neither created nor preserved it. Theirs was already the spirit of American institutions, the spirit of Christian freedom, of a temperate, regulated freedom, of a rational, civil obedience. For

such a people, the law of violence did and could do nothing but sever the bonds which bound her colonial wards to their unnatural guardian. They redeemed their pledge, sword in hand, but the sword left them as it found them, unchanged in character, free men in thought and in deed, instinct with the immortal spirit of American institutions.

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## THE SWORD AND A NATION'S RIGHTS.

T. F. MEAGHER.

THERE are times when arms alone will suffice, in the vindication of national rights; when political ameliorations call for many thousand drops of blood. I learned that it was the right of a nation to govern herself, upon the ramparts of Antwerp; this, the first article of a nation's creed, I learned upon those ramparts where freedom was justly estimated, and the possession of the precious gift was purchased by the effusion of generous blood. Therefore, I do not abhor the sword, in the vindication of national rights. "Abhor the sword!" "Stigmatize the sword!" No! for it swept the Dutch marauders out of the fine old towns of Belgium, scourged them back to their own phlegmatic swamps, and knocked their flag and sceptre, their laws and bayonets, into the sluggish waters of the Scheldt! "Abhor the sword!" "Stigmatize the sword!" No! for in the passes of the Tyrol, it cut to pieces the banner of the Bavarian, and through those cragged passes, struck a path to fame, for the insurrectionist of Innspruck! "Abhor the sword!" "Stigmatize the sword!" No! for at its blow, a giant nation started from the waters of the Atlantic, and by its redeeming magic, and in the quivering of its crimson

light, the crippled Colony sprang into the attitude of a proud Republic, — prosperous, limitless, invincible!

I do not condemn the use of arms as immoral, nor do I conceive it profane to say that the King of Heaven, the Lord of Hosts, the God of battles, bestows His benediction upon those who unsheathe the sword in the hour of a nation's peril. From that evening on which, in the valley of Bethulia, He nerved the arm of the Jewish girl to smite the drunken tyrant in his tent, down to our day, His almighty hand hath ever been stretched forth from His throne of light to consecrate the flag of freedom, to bless the patriot's sword. Be it in the defence, or be it in the assertion of a people's liberty, I hail the sword as a sacred weapon; and if it has sometimes taken the shape of the serpent, and reddened the shroud of the oppressor with too deep a dye, it has at other times and as often, like the anointed rod of the high-priest, blossomed into celestial flowers to deck the freeman's brow.

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## THE GLORIOUS DESTINY OF ENGLAND.

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

OUR old mother country has had indeed a peculiar destiny, and in many respects a glorious one. Not alone with her drum-beat, as Webster so grandly said, has she encircled the earth. Not alone with her martial airs has she kept company with the hours. She has carried civilization and Christianity wherever she has carried her flag. She has carried her noble tongue, with all its incomparable treasures of literature and science and religion, around the globe; and with our aid, — for she will confess that we are *doing* our full part in this line of extension, — it is

fast becoming the most pervading speech of civilized man. We thank God at this hour and at every hour, that "Chatham's language is our mother tongue," and that we have an inherited and an indisputable share in the glory of so many of the great names by which that language has been illustrated and adorned.

But she has done more than all this. She has planted the great institutions and principles of civil freedom in every latitude where she could find a foothold. From her our Revolutionary Fathers learned to understand and value them, and from her they inherited the spirit to defend them. Not in vain had her brave barons extorted Magna Charta from King John. Not in vain had her Simon De Montfort summoned the knights and burgesses, and laid the foundations of a Parliament and a House of Commons. Not in vain had her noble Sir John Eliot died as the martyr of free speech in the Tower. Not in vain had her heroic Hampden resisted ship money and died on the battle-field. Not in vain, for us, certainly, the great examples and the great warnings of Cromwell and the Commonwealth, or those sadder ones of Sidney and Russell, or that later and more glorious one still of William of Orange.

The grand lessons of her own history — forgotten, overlooked, or resolutely disregarded, it may be, on her own side of the Atlantic, in our early days — were the very inspiration of her Colonies on this side, and under that inspiration they contended and conquered. And though she may sometimes be almost tempted to take sadly upon her lips the words of the old prophet, "I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me," she has long ago learned that such a rebellion as ours was really

in her own interest and for her own ultimate welfare, begun, continued, and ended, as it was, in vindication of the liberties of Englishmen.

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## PATRIOTISM.

T. F. MEAGHER.

BEREFT of patriotism, the heart of a nation will be cold and cramped and sordid; the arts will have no enduring impulse, and commerce no invigorating soul; society will degenerate and the mean and vicious triumph. Patriotism is not a wild and glittering passion, but a glorious reality. The virtue that gave to Paganism its dazzling lustre, to Barbarism its redeeming trait, to Christianity its heroic form, is not dead. It still lives to console, to sanctify humanity. It has its altar in every clime, its worship and festivities.

On the heathered hills of Scotland the sword of Wallace is yet a bright tradition. The genius of France, in the brilliant literature of the day, pays its homage to the piety and heroism of the young Maid of Orleans. In her new senate-hall, England bids her sculptor place, among the effigies of her greatest sons, the images of Hampden and of Russell. In the gay and graceful capital of Belgium the daring hand of Geefs has reared a monument full of glorious meaning to the three hundred martyrs of the revolution. By the soft blue waters of Lake Lucerne stands the Chapel of William Tell. On the anniversary of his revolt and victory, across those waters, as they glitter in the July sun, skim the light boats of the allied Cantons; from the prows hang the banners of the Republic, and, as they near the sacred spot, the daughters of Lucerne chant the hymns of their old poetic land.

Then bursts forth the glad Te Deum, and Heaven again hears the voice of that wild chivalry of the mountains, which five centuries since pierced the white eagle of Vienna, and flung it bleeding on the rocks of Uri.

At Innspruck, in the black aisle of the old Cathedral, the peasant of Tyrol kneels before the statue of Andreas Hofer. In the defiles and valleys of the Tyrol, who forgets the day on which he fell within the walls of Mantua? It is a festal day all through his quiet, noble land. In that old Cathedral his inspiring memory is recalled amid the pageantries of the altar; his image appears in every house; his victories and virtues are proclaimed in the songs of the people; and when the sun goes down, a chain of fires, in the deep red light of which the eagle spreads his wings and holds his giddy revelry, proclaims the glory of the chief whose blood has made his native land a sainted spot in Europe.

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## ROME AND CARTHAGE.

### VICTOR HUGO.

ROME and Carthage! behold them drawing near for the struggle that is to shake the world! Carthage, the metropolis of Africa, is the mistress of oceans, of kingdoms, and of nations; a magnificent city, burdened with opulence, radiant with the strange arts and trophies of the East. She is at the acme of her civilization; she can mount no higher; any change now must be a decline. Rome is comparatively poor. She has seized all within her grasp, but rather from the lust of conquest than to fill her own coffers. She is demi-barbarous, and has her education and her fortune both to get. All is before her, nothing behind.

For a time these two nations exist in view of each other. The one reposes in the noontide of her splendor; the other waxes strong in the shade. But, little by little, air and space are wanting to each, for her development. Rome begins to perplex Carthage, and Carthage is an eyesore to Rome. Seated on opposite banks of the Mediterranean, the two cities look each other in the face. The sea no longer keeps them apart; Europe and Africa weigh upon each other. Like two clouds surcharged with electricity, they impend; with their contact must come the thunder shock. The catastrophe of this splendid drama is at hand. What actors are met! Two races, that of merchants and mariners, that of laborers and soldiers; two nations, the one dominant by gold, the other by steel; two republics, the one theocratic, the other aristocratic;—Rome and Carthage! Rome with her army, Carthage with her fleet: Carthage, old, rich, and crafty; Rome, young, poor, robust; the past, and the future; the spirit of discovery, and the spirit of conquest; the genius of commerce, and the demon of war; the East and South on the one side, the West and North on the other; in short, two worlds,—the civilization of Africa, and the civilization of Europe.

They measure each other from head to foot. They gather all their forces. Gradually the war kindles. The world takes fire. These colossal powers are locked in deadly strife. Carthage has crossed the Alps; Rome, the seas. The two nations, personified in two men, Hannibal and Scipio, close with each other, wrestle, and grow infuriate. The duel is desperate. It is a struggle for life. Rome wavers; she utters that cry of anguish, "Hannibal at the gates!" But, she rallies, collects all her strength for one last, appalling effort, throws herself upon Carthage, and *sweeps her* from the face of the earth.

## SCOTLAND.

### FLAGG.

SCOTLAND! There is magic in the sound! States men, scholars, divines, heroes, poets! do you want exemplars worthy of study and imitation? Where will you find them brighter than in Scotland? Where can you find them purer than in Scotland? Here, no Solon, indulging imagination, has pictured the perfectibility of man; no Lycurgus, viewing him through the medium of human frailty alone, has left for his government an iron code, graven on eternal adamant; no Plato, dreaming in the luxurious gardens of the academy, has fancied what he should be, and bequeathed a republic of love; but sages, knowing his weakness, have appealed to his understanding, cherished his virtues, and chastised his vices.

Friends of learning! would you do homage at the shrine of literature? Would you visit her clearest founts? Go to Scotland! Are you philosophers, seeking to explore the hidden mysteries of mind? Bend to the genius of Stewart! Student, merchant, or mechanic! do you seek usefulness? Consult the pages of Black and of Adam Smith! Grave barrister! would you know the law, the true, sole expression of the people's will? There stands the mighty Mansfield!

Do we look for high examples of noble daring? Where shall we find them brighter than in Scotland? From the "bonny highland heather" of her lofty summits, to the modest lily of the vale, not a flower but has blushed with patriot blood. From the proud foaming crest of the Solway, to the calm, polished

breast of Loch Katrine, not a river, not a lake, but has swelled with the life-tide of freedom. Would you witness greatness? Contemplate a Wallace and a Bruce! They fought not for honors, for party, for conquest; 't was for their country and their country's good, religion, law, and liberty.

Would you ask for chivalry that high and delicate sense of honor, which deems a stain upon one's country as individual disgrace; that moral courage which measures danger and meets it against known odds; that patriot valor which would rather repose on a death-bed of laurels than flourish in wealth and power under the nightshade of despotism? Citizen soldier, turn to Lochiel, the "proud bird of the mountain"! Though pierced with the usurper's arrow, his plumage still shines through the clouds of oppression, lighting to honor all who nobly dare "to do or die." Where, then, can we better look for all that is worthy of honest ambition, than to Scotland?

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## POMPEII.

ANON.

ROLL back the tide of eighteen hundred years. At the foot of the vine-clad Vesuvius stands a royal city. The stately Roman walks its lordly streets, or banquets in the palaces of its splendors. The bustle of busied thousands is there; you may hear it along the thronged quays; it rises from the amphitheatre and the forum. It is the home of luxury, of gayety, and of joy. There toged royalty drowns itself in dissipation, the lion roars over the martyred Christian, and the bleeding body of the gladiator dies at the beck of applauding spectators. It is a careless, a dream-

ing, a devoted city. Lo! there is blackness in the horizon, and the earthquake is rioting in the bowels of the mountains! Hark! a roar! a crash! and the very foundations of the eternal hills are belched forth in a sea of fire! Woe for that fated city! The torrent comes surging like the mad ocean! It boils above wall and tower, palace and fountain, and Pompeii is a city of tombs!

Ages roll on. Silence, darkness, and desolation are in the halls of buried grandeur. Lo! other generations live above the dust of long lost glory, and the slumber of the dreamless city is forgotten.

And lo! a voice from Italy! Let the nations hearken, for the slumber of ages is broken, and the buried voice of antiquity speaks again from the gray ruins of Pompeii! Pompeii beholds a resurrection! As summoned by the blast of the first trumpet, she hath shaken from her beauty the ashes of centuries, and once more looks forth upon the world sullied and sombre, but interesting still. There, in their gloomy boldness, stand her palaces, but the song of carousal is hushed forever. You may behold the places of her fountains, but you will hear no murmur; they are as the water-courses of the desert. There too are her gardens, but the barrenness of long antiquity is theirs. You may stand in her amphitheatre, and you shall read utter desolation on its bare and dilapidated walls.

Pompeii! mouldering relic of a former world! Strange redemption from the sepulchre! How vivid are the classic memories that cluster around thee! Venerable and eternal city! The storied urn to a nation's memory! A disentombed and risen witness for the dead! Every stone of thee is consecrate and immortal! Rome was, Thebes was, Sparta was, thou wast, and art still! No Goth or Vandal thundered

at thy gates or revelled in thy spoil. Man marred not thy magnificence. Thou wert scathed by the finger of Him who alone knew the depth of thy violence and crime. Babylon of Italy! thy doom was not revealed to thee. No prophet was there, when thy towers were tottering, and the ashy darkness obscured thy horizon, to construe the warning. The wrath of God was upon thee heavily, in the volcano was the hiding of his power, and, like thine ancient sisters of the plain, thy judgment was sealed in fire.

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## WHAT IS A MINORITY?

JOHN B. GOUGH.

WHAT is a minority? The chosen heroes of this earth have been in the minority. There is not a social, political, or religious privilege that you enjoy to-day, that was not bought for you by the blood and tears and patient sufferings of the minority. It is the minority that have vindicated humanity in every struggle. It is the minority that have come out as iconoclasts to beat down the Dagons their fathers have worshipped, — the old abuses of society. It is the minority that have stood in the van of every moral conflict, and achieved all that is noble in the history of the world. You will find that each generation has been always busy in gathering up the scattered ashes of the martyred heroes of the past, to deposit them in the golden urn of a nation's history.

Look at Scotland, where they are erecting monuments — to whom? to the Covenanters. Ah, they were in a minority! Read their history, if you can, *without* the blood tingling to the tips of your fingers!

Look at that girl, of whose innocent stratagem the legend has come down to us, and see how persecution sharpens the intellect as well as gives power to faith! She was going to the conventicle. She knew the penalty of that deed was death. She met a company of troopers. "My girl, where are you going?" She could not tell them a lie; she must tell the truth. It was death to go to that conventicle; to tell that she was going there was to reveal its place to these soldiers; and the lives of her friends were in her hands. "Let me go!" she said; "I am going to my father's house. My elder brother is dead and he has left a will, and I am in it; and it is to be read to-day." "Go, my girl," said he, "and I hope you will have something handsome." These were the minority, that through blood and tears and scourgings — dyeing the waters with their blood, and staining the heather with their gore — fought the glorious battle of religious freedom.

Minority! if a man stand up for the right, though the right be on the scaffold, while the wrong sits in the seat of government; if he stand for the right, though he eat, with the right and truth, a wretched crust; if he walk with obloquy and scorn in the by-lanes and streets, while falsehood and wrong ruffle it in silken attire, — let him remember, that, wherever the right and truth are, there are always "troops of beautiful, tall angels" gathering round him, and God himself stands within the dim future, and keeps watch over his own! If a man stands for the right and the truth, though every man's finger be pointed at him, though every woman's lips be curled at him in scorn, he stands in a majority; for God and good angels are with him, and greater are they that are for him than all they that be against him!

## MACGREGOR'S DEFENCE.

WALTER SCOTT.

You speak like a boy, — like a boy who thinks the old, gnarled oak can be twisted as easily as the young sapling. Can I forget that I have been branded as an outlaw, stigmatized as a traitor, a price set on my head as if I had been a wolf, my family treated as the dam and cubs of the hill-fox, whom all may torment, vilify, degrade, and insult; the very name, which came to me from a long and noble line of martial ancestors, denounced as if it were a spell to conjure up the devil with? And they shall find that the name they have dared to proscribe, that the name of MacGregor, is a spell to raise the wild devil withal. They shall hear of my vengeance, that would scorn to listen to the story of my wrongs. The miserable Highland drover, bankrupt, barefooted, stripped of all, dishonored, and hunted down, because the avarice of others grasped at more than that poor all could pay, shall burst on them in an awful change!

The land might be at peace and in law for us, did they allow us the blessings of peaceful law. But we have been a persecuted people, and if persecution maketh wise men mad, what must it do to men like us, living as our fathers did a thousand years since, and possessing scarce more lights than they did? Can we view the bloody edicts against us, the hanging, heading, hounding, and hunting down an ancient and honorable name, as deserving better treatment than that which enemies give to enemies? *Here I* stand, have been in twenty frays and never

hurt man but when I was in hot blood, and yet, they would betray me, and hang me, like a masterless dog, at the gate of any great man that has an ill-will at me.

But the heather that I have trod upon when living, must bloom over me when I am dead. My heart would sink, and my arm would shrink and wither, like fern in the frost, were I to lose sight of my native hills. Nor has the world a scene that would console me for the loss of these rocks and cairns, wild as they are, that you see around us. And Helen, what would become of her, were I to leave her the subject of new insult and atrocity? Or how could she bear to be removed from these scenes, where the remembrance of her wrongs is aye sweetened by the recollection of her revenge? I was once so hard put at by my great enemy, that I was forced e'en to give way to the tide, and remove my people and my family from our dwellings in our native land, and to withdraw for a time, into MacCullumore's country, and Helen made a lament on our departure, so piteously sad and woful, that our hearts almost brake as we listened to her. It was like the wailing of one for the mother who bore him, and I would not have the same touch of the heart-break again; no! not for all the lands ever owned by MacGregor!

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## THE COVENANTERS AND CHARLES STUART.

[Reply of Ringan Gilhaize, a Covenanter, to Mr. Renwick, also a Covenanter, who counselled moderation.]

From a novel entitled Ringan Gilhaize, by

JOHN GALT.

MODERATION! You, Mr. Renwick, counsel moderation; you doubt if the Scriptures warrant us to undertake revenge; you hope that our forbearance may

work to repentance among our enemies. You have hitherto been a preacher, not a sufferer; with you, resistance to Charles Stuart's government has been a thing of no more than doctrine; with us, it is a consideration of facts. You will call to mind, that in this sore controversy, the cause of debate came not from us. We were peaceable Christians enjoying the shade of the vine and fig-tree of the Gospel, planted by the care and cherished by the blood of our forefathers, protected by the laws, and gladdened in our protection by the oaths and covenants which the King had sworn to maintain. Yet, for more than twenty years, there has been a most cruel, fraudulent, and outrageous endeavor, instituted and carried on, to deprive us of that freedom and birthright. We were asking no new thing of government, we were taking no steps to disturb government, we were in peace with all men, when government with the principles of a robber, and the cruelty of a tyrant, demanded of us to surrender those immunities of conscience which our fathers had earned and defended, to deny the Gospel as it is written in the Evangelists, and to accept the commentary of Charles Stuart, a man who had no respect to the most solemn oaths.

But, not content with attempting to wrest from us our inherited freedom of worship, Charles Stuart has pursued the courageous constancy with which we have defended the same, with more animosity than he ever did any crime. I speak not to you of your own outcast condition, perhaps you delight in the perils of martyrdom; I speak not to those around you who in their persons, their substance, and their families, have endured the torture, the poverty, the irremediable dishonor, they may be meek and hallowed men, willing to endure. But I call to mind what I am and was myself. I think of my quiet home; it is

all ashes! Why need I speak of my honest brother? The waves of the ocean, commissioned by our persecutor, have triumphed over him in the cold seas of the Orkneys! And for my wife, what was she to you? Ye cannot be greatly disturbed that she is in her grave. No, ye are quiet, calm, prudent persons; it would be a most indiscreet thing of you, to stir on her account! and how unreasonable I should be, were I to speak of two fair and innocent maidens — O men and Christians, brothers, fathers! — but, ye are content to bear with such wrongs, and I alone of all here, may go to the gates of the cities, and try to discover which of the martyred heads mouldering there belongs to a son, or a friend! Nor is it of any account whether the bones of those who were so dear to us, be exposed with the remains of malefactors, or laid in the sacred grave! To the dead all places are alike! to the slave, what signifies who is master!

Let us, therefore, smother all the wrongs we have endured, and kiss the proud foot of the trampler! We have our lives, we have been spared, the merciless bloodhounds have not yet reached us! Let us therefore be humble and thankful and cry to Charles Stuart, O king, live forever! In truth, friends, Mr. Renwick is quite right! This feeling of indignation against our oppressors is a most imprudent thing! If we desire to enjoy our own contempt, to deserve the derision of men, and to merit the abhorrence of Heaven, let us yield ourselves to all that Charles Stuart requires. We can do nothing better, nothing by which we can so reasonably hope for punishment here, and condemnation hereafter. But, if there is one man here, — I am speaking not of shapes and forms but of feelings, — if there is one here that feels as men were wont to feel, he will draw his sword,

and say with me, Judge and avenge our cause, O Lord! Woe to the house of Stuart! Woe to the oppressor!

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## THE MURDERER'S SECRET.

### DANIEL WEBSTER.

An aged man without an enemy in the world, in his own house, and in his own bed, is made the victim of butcherly murder for mere pay. A healthful old man to whom sleep was sweet, the first sound slumbers of the night held him in their soft but strong embrace. The assassin enters, through the window already prepared, into an unoccupied apartment. With noiseless foot he paces the lonely hall half lighted by the moon, he winds up the ascent of the stairs, and reaches the door of the chamber. Of this, he moves the lock by soft continued pressure till it turns on its hinges, and he enters and beholds his victim before him. The room is uncommonly open to the admission of light. The face of the innocent sleeper is turned from the murderer, and the beams of the moon, resting on the gray locks of his aged temple, show him where to strike. The fatal blow is given, and the victim passes, without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death. It is accomplished. The deed is done. He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes out through it as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder. No eye has seen him. No ear has heard him. The secret is his own, and, it is safe!

*Ah!* Gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. *Such a secret* can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner where the

guilty can bestow it and say it is safe. Not to speak of that Eye which glances through all disguises and beholds everything as in the splendor of noon, such secrets of guilt are never safe from detection even by men. True it is, generally speaking, that "murder will out." True it is that Providence hath so ordained and doth so govern things, that those who break the great law of Heaven by shedding man's blood, seldom succeed in avoiding discovery. Especially in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must come, and will come, sooner or later. A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, every thing, every circumstance, connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand excited minds intensely dwell on the scene, shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery.

Meantime, the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself, or, rather, it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself. It labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant. It finds itself preyed on by a torment which it dares not acknowledge to God nor man. A vulture is devouring it, and it can ask no sympathy or assistance either from Heaven or earth. The secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him, and, like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master. It betrays his discretion, it breaks down

his courage, it conquers his prudence. When suspicions from without begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstances to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed, it will be confessed; there is no refuge from confession but suicide, — and suicide is confession.

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## CLOSE OF DEFENCE OF DARTMOUTH COLLEGE.

### DANIEL WEBSTER.

THIS, sir, is my case. It is the case not merely of that humble institution, it is the case of every college in the land. It is more. It is the case of every eleemosynary institution in this country, of all those great charities founded by the piety of our ancestors, to alleviate human misery and scatter blessings along the pathway of life. It is more. It is, in some sense, the case of every man among us who has property of which he may be stripped; for the question is simply this; shall our State Legislatures be allowed to take that which is not their own, to turn it from its original use, and apply it to such ends or purposes as they in their discretion shall see fit?

Sir, you may destroy this little institution; it is weak; it is in your hands. I know it is one of the lesser lights in the literary horizon of our country. You may put it out. But, if you do so you must carry through your work. You must extinguish, one after another, all those greater lights of science which, for more than a century, have thrown their radiance over our land.

It is, sir, as I have said, a small college. And yet there are those who love it. Sir, I know not

how others may feel, but, for myself, when I see my Alma Mater surrounded, like Cæsar in the Senate House, by those who are reiterating stab after stab, I would not, for this right hand, have her turn to me and say, "*Et tu quoque, mi fili!* — and thou too, my son!"

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## GOD'S OWNERSHIP OF THE SEA.

LEONARD SWAIN.

God has given the land to man, but the sea he has reserved to himself. "The sea is his, and he made it!" He has given man "no inheritance in it, no, not so much as to set his foot upon." If he enters its domain, he enters it as a pilgrim and a stranger. He may pass over it, but he can have no abiding place in it. He cannot build his house nor so much as pitch his tent upon it. He cannot mark it with his lines, nor subdue it to his uses, nor rear his monuments upon it. It steadfastly refuses to own him as its lord and master. Its depths do not tremble at his coming. Its waters do not flee when he appeareth. All the strength of all his generations is to it as a feather before the whirlwind. All the noise of his commerce, and all the thunder of his navies, it can hush in a moment in the silence of its impenetrable abysses.

Whole armies have gone down into that unfathomable darkness, and not a floating bubble marks the place of their disappearing. If all the populations of the world, from the beginning of time, were cast into its depths, the smooth surface of its oblivion would close over them in an hour; and if all the cities of the earth, and all the structures and monuments ever reared by man, were heaped together

over that grave for a tombstone, it would not break the surface of the deep, or lift back their memory to the light of the sun and the breath of the upper air. The sea would roll its billows in derison, a thousand fathoms deep, above the topmost stone of that mighty sepulchre.

The patient earth submits to the rule of man, and the mountains bow their rocky heads before the hammer of his power, and the blast of his terrible enginery. The sea cares not for him! Not so much as a single hair's-breadth can its level be lowered or lifted, by all the art, and all the effort, and all enginery, of all the generations of time. He comes and goes upon it, and a moment after, it is as if he had never been there. He may engrave his titles upon the mountain-top, and quarry his signature into the foundations of the globe, but he cannot write his name on the sea.

And thus does the sea ever speak to us, to tell us that its builder and maker is God. He hewed its channels in the deep, and drew its barriers upon the sand, and cast its belted waters round the world. He gave the sea its wonderful laws, and armed it with its wonderful powers, and set it upon its wonderful work.

> "O'er all its breadth His wisdom walks,
> On all its waves His goodness shines."

Let us give thanks, therefore, for the sea! Let us remember him that gave it such vast dominion, and made it to be not only the dwelling-place of His awful presence, but the beautiful garment of His love and the mighty instrument of His goodness! Let it speak to us of His unfathomable fulness! Let it teach us that He has made nothing in vain!

## UNIVERSAL EDUCATION.

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

UNIVERSAL education, without distinction of race, must be encouraged, aided, and enforced. The elective franchise can never be taken away from any of those to whom it has been granted, but we can and must make education coextensive with the elective franchise; and, it must be done without delay, as a measure of self-defence, and with the general co-operation of the authorities and of the people of the whole country. One half of our country has recently been, for the first time, opened to the introduction and establishment of free common schools, and there is not wealth enough in that region to provide for this great necessity. "Two millions of children without the means of instruction," was the estimate of the late Dr. Sears in 1879. Every year brings another instalment of brutal ignorance to the polls, to be the subject of cajolement, deception, corruption, or intimidation. Here, here is our greatest danger for the future! The words of our lamented President Garfield come to us, to-day, "All the constitutional power of the nation and of the States, and all the volunteer forces of the people, should be summoned to meet this danger, by the saving influence of universal education."

It is, itself, one of the great rights of a free people, to be educated and trained up from childhood to that ability to govern themselves, which is the largest element in republican self-government, and without which all self-government must be a failure and a farce, here and everywhere. It is indeed

primarily a right of our children, and they are not able to enforce and vindicate it for themselves. But, let us beware of subjecting ourselves to the ineffable reproach of robbing the children of their bread, and casting it before dogs, by wasting untold millions on corrupt or extravagant projects, and starving our public schools. The whole field of the Union is now open to education, and the whole field of the Union must be occupied. Free government must stand or fall with free schools. These and these alone can supply the firm foundation; and that foundation must, at this very moment, be extended and strengthened, and rendered immovable and indestructible, like that of the gigantic obelisk at Washington, if the boasted fabric of liberty is not to settle and totter and crumble!

Tell me not that I am indulging in truisms. I know they are truisms, but they are better, a thousand-fold better, than Nihilisms, or Communisms, or Fenianisms, or any of the other "isms" which are making such headway in supplanting them. No advanced thought, no mystical philosophy, no glittering abstractions, no swelling phrases about freedom, not even science, with all its marvellous inventions and discoveries, can help us much in sustaining this Republic! Still less can any godless theories of creation, or any infidel attempts to rule out the Redeemer from his rightful supremacy in our hearts, afford us any hope of security! That way lies despair! Commonplace truths, old familiar teachings, the Ten Commandments, the Sermon on the Mount, the Farewell Address of Washington, honesty, virtue, patriotism, universal education, are what the world most needs in these days, and our own part of the world as much as any other part! Without these we *are lost!* With these, and with the blessing of God

which is sure to follow, a second century of our Republic may be confidently looked forward to; and those who shall live a hundred years hence shall then exult, as we are now exulting, in the continued enjoyment of the free institutions bequeathed to us by our fathers, and in honoring the memories of those who have sustained them!

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## VALUE OF LITERATURE TO THE UNION.

### RUFUS CHOATE.

A LITERATURE, embodying the romance of the whole revolutionary and ante-revolutionary history of the United States, might do something to perpetuate the Union itself. The influence of a rich literature of passion and fancy upon society must not be denied, merely because you cannot measure it by the yard, or detect it by the barometer. Poems and romances which shall be read in every parlor, by every fireside, in every schoolhouse, behind every counter, in every printing office, in every lawyer's office, at every weekly evening club, in all the States of this Union, must do something, along with more palpable, if not more powerful agents, towards moulding and fixing that final, grand, complex result, the national character. A keen well-instructed judge of such things said, if he might write the ballads of a people, he cared little who made its laws. Let me say, if a hundred men of genius would extract such a body of romantic literature from our early history, as Scott has extracted from the history of England and Scotland, and as Homer extracted from that of Greece, — it, perhaps, would not be so alarming, if demagogues should preach, or

governors practise, or executives tolerate, nullification. Such a literature would be a common property of all the States, a treasure of common ancestral recollections, more noble and richer than our thousand million acres of public land, and unlike that land, it would be indivisible. It would be as the opening of a great fountain for the healing of the nations. It would then turn back our thoughts from these times, to the day when our fathers walked hand in hand together through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, in the War of Independence. Reminded of our fathers, we should remember that we are brethren. The exclusiveness of State pride, the narrow selfishness of a mere local policy, and the small jealousies of vulgar minds, would be merged in an expanded, comprehensive, constitutional sentiment of old, family, fraternal regard. It would reassemble, as it were, the people of America, in one vast congregation. It would rehearse in their hearing all things which God had done for them in the old time. It would proclaim the law once more, and then it would bid them join in that grandest and most effective solemnity, a national anthem of thanksgiving, of honor for the dead, of proud prediction for the future.

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## DUTY OF THE ENLIGHTENED CLASSES.

JOHN D. LONG.

WHY should the ingenuous youth, fresh from college, dream of Pericles swaying, with consummate address and eloquence, the petty democracy of Athens, and himself shun the town-house, where, in a golden age, beside which the age of Pericles is brass, is moulded the destiny of his own magnificent

Republic? Why kindle with the invective of Cicero, or the wit of Aristophanes, and himself be too dainty to lift voice or finger to banish Catiline and Cleon from manipulating the honor, the integrity, the achievement of the fatherland, bequeathed to him in sacred trust, by his own heroic ancestors?

Little sympathy is to be felt with the spirit that stands aloof and rails at the clumsy work of a government by the people; who, on their part, invariably welcome the approach of a man of culture, and will give him place if only he will not convey the idea that he despises it. It is useless to deny that the scholars have failed oftentimes to improve their opportunity, and if ever the Republic goes to the bad it will be, not because the illiterate and lax have seized and depraved it, but, because the instructed and trained have neglected it.

To me it seems axiomatic that the educated and virtuous in a free State can control it if they will. Here we are at the threshold of these great economic questions of labor, of capital, of currency. They affect the very tables and hearthstones of us all. We have yet to solve the problem of so distributing the excess of the grain of the world that no man shall be unable to fairly exchange his product for it; of so distributing the excess of wealth that no man shall be destitute who is willing to work. There will be fewer frauds upon the revenue when commerce is further relieved from its restraints. Defalcations will be rare when the proper channels for capital are alone open, and the eddies and cataracts of baseless speculation are avoided. There will be no terrorism of strikes when labor is directed aright, and its wages are its honest measure. There will be no bubbles to burst, no corners for gamblers to work up, when the laws that regulate the carrying of the

product to the consumer are learned, and the supply becomes a steady stream flowing into and satisfying the demand.

All these are questions of the economy of the future. There lies before us a field which should make the heart of a true man glad as he sees approaching a century of peace, of wise economies, of amelioration for the masses, of opportunity for lifting all men to a happy and useful activity. So shall those who follow, reap a grander harvest than ours. It is God's earth, and he made it for his children! How the arts will educate and train them! How science will enlighten them! How great moral strides will take them to loftier planes of conduct and life!

There can be no failure of the Republic among an intelligent people with schools for the young, with good examples in the past, with Christian ideals for the future. It has already surmounted its most stupendous risks and assaults. It has ridden them all safely over. The late civil war will only cement the structure. The contest is over, the wrong is righted, the curse is off, the land is redeemed, the sweet angels of peace and reconciliation are flitting from door to door, sitting at the tents, inspiring kinder thoughts and sympathies, and awakening the ancient memories of a common sacrifice and a common glory. The great prolific fields of the South, its rivers and natural resources, saved from the blight of slavery, will be the loom and granary and wealth of us all. The softening influences of a common interest will draw together the people of all sections. Commerce and trade and learning, and all the affiliations that interweave the affections of a people, will surround and sustain the central pillar of a common country and destiny.

## NEW ENGLAND'S FAIREST BOAST.

S. S. PRENTISS.

BEHOLD yon simple building near the crossing of the village road. It is small and of rude construction, but it stands in a pleasant and quiet spot. A magnificent old elm spreads its broad arms above, and seems to lean towards it as a strong man bends to shelter and protect a child. A brook runs through the meadow near, and hard by there is an orchard; but the trees have suffered much, for there is no fruit except upon the highest and most inaccessible branches. From within its walls comes a busy hum, such as you may hear in a disturbed bee-hive. Now peep through yonder window and you will see a hundred children with rosy cheeks, mischievous eyes and demure faces, all engaged, or pretending to be so, in their little lessons. It is the public school, the free, the common school, provided by law, open to all, claimed from the community as a right, not accepted as a bounty. Here the children of the rich and poor, high and low, meet upon perfect equality, and commence, under the same auspices, the race of life. Here the sustenance of the mind is served to all alike, as the Spartans served their food upon the public table. Here young Ambition climbs his little ladder, and boyish Genius plumes his half-fledged wings. From among these laughing children will go forth the men who are to control the destinies of their age and country; the statesman, whose wisdom is to guide the senate; the poet, who will take captive the hearts of the people and bind them together with immortal song; the philosopher, who boldly seizing upon the elements themselves, will compel

them to his wishes, and through new combinat of their primal laws, by some great discovery, ı lutionize both art and science.

The common village school is New Engla fairest boast, the brightest jewel that adorns brow. The principle, that society is bound to vide for its members' education, as well as pr tion, so that none may be ignorant except i choice, is the most important that belongs to mo philosophy. It is essential to a republican go ment. Universal education is not only the best the surest, but the only sure foundation for fre stitutions. True Liberty is the child of Knowle she pines away and dies in the arms of Ignora Honor, then, to the early fathers of New Engl from whom came the spirit which has built a scl house by every sparkling fountain, and bids all c as freely to the one as to the other!

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## THE PRINTING PRESS.

EDWIN H. CHAPIN.

I DOUBT whether we can select an illustratio the mechanical progress of the last four hun years that is so obvious and tangible as the prir press. Within that period there has been no c mechanical agent of such direct and momentou portance. We divide time into epochs and cr perhaps too much forgetting that there is no pe or event which is sudden and complete in itself, that historical changes work in sublime unity silence, like the elements which filter among the of the earth.

*But if* ever there was palpable sign and symb *crisis* and change for the world, it appeared in

creeping, clumsy machine of Faust and Gutenberg. Yes, that was a queer, portentous creature, that rickety thing of wood and iron, that came stalking into the world among kings and priests, thrones and castles, and other feudal respectabilities. There was a revolutionist! there was a troublesome democrat! there was a voice for the groaning people! there was a prophet of free and beautiful thought! there was a working preacher that should tear the chained word of God from the pillars of monasteries and scatter it all over the world, and kindle the light to read it by!

In order that you may realize the marvel of its progress, go back in imagination to the workshop of Gutenberg, striking off his first Bible in the presence of Caxton, holding up a damp sheet of the "Histories of Troy," or the "Golden Legend"; and then take a walk through the vast manufactories of our Harpers and Appletons. Begin down cellar with the best hand they have in the shop, the old fire-eater that tugs away there with giant power, and keeps everything moving and all hands busy; and then, go on and go up through Chinese walls of printing paper, and catacombs of type, and armies of well-employed men and healthy, happy girls, each with an appointed task, and look at the iron arms lifting and folding, the whizzing wheels, the enormous slabs of pressure, the delicate stamps, the countless agents, that with inconceivable quickness work between the manuscript and the printer's books, turning brains into type, type into print, print into folded sheets, sheets into volumes, and volumes into influences of diffused and illimitable power!

I look upon these great printing offices, and factories of books, as so many moral encampments, and upon these hosts of working men and women as indeed a vast army arrayed against huge Redans

and Malakoffs of ignorance. I thank you, American publishers! for these munitions of war, these embattled hosts. Woman, bending over your work, toil on! for it leads to a result well worthy the spirit and the true mission of woman. And you, man, with rolled-up sleeves! remember it is a world-wide, a final conflict in which you are engaged. The rumble of the printing press is better than the roar of artillery; the clink of composing-sticks is more inspiring than the clank of armor; and every type more sure than a bullet, and shooting as noiseless as the summer, shall hit the mark, though it be a thousand years ahead. Advance battalions! for with every forward step, the old wrong and falsehood of the world grows weaker, and is made ready to pass away!

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## POETRY IN BATTLE.

### FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON.

THERE is an element of poetry in us all. Whatever wakes intense sensibilities, puts one for a moment into a poetic state; if not the creative state in which he can make poetry, at least the receptive state in which he can feel poetry. Therefore let no man think that, because he cannot appreciate the verse of Milton or Wordsworth, there is no poetry in his soul; let him be assured that there is something within him, which may any day awake, break through the crust of his selfishness, and redeem him from a low, mercenary, or sensual existence.

Why is it that on the battle-field there is ever one spot, where the sabres glitter faster, and the pistol's flash is more frequent, and men and officers crowd *together* in denser masses? They are struggling *for a flag*, an eagle, or a standard. Strip it of its

symbolism, take from it the meaning with which imagination has invested it, and it is nothing but a bit of silk rag, torn with shot and blackened with powder. Now go, with your common-sense, and tell the soldier he is madly striving about a bit of rag. See if your common-sense is as true to him as his poetry, or able to quench it for a moment. Take a case: Among the exploits of marvellous and almost legendary valor, performed by that great English chieftain, — who has been laid aside uncoroneted, and almost unhonored, because he would promote and distinguish the men of work in preference to the men of idleness, — among his achievements not the least wondrous was the subjugation of the robber tribes of the Cutchee Hills in the north of Scinde. Those warriors had been unsubdued for six hundred years. They dwelt in a crater-like valley, surrounded by mountains, through which there were but two or three narrow entrances and up which there was no access but by goat-paths so precipitous that brave men grew dizzy, and could not proceed. So rude and wild was the fastness of Trukkee that the entrances themselves could scarcely be discovered amidst the labyrinth-like confusion of rocks and mountains. It was part of the masterly plan by which Sir Charles Napier had resolved to storm the stronghold of the robbers, to cause a detachment of his army to scale the mountain-side. A service so perilous could scarcely be commanded. Volunteers were called for.

There was a regiment, the Sixty-fourth Bengal Infantry, which had been recently disgraced in consequence of mutiny at Shikarpoor, their colonel cashiered, and their colors taken from them. A hundred of these men volunteered. The commander, who knew the way to the soldier's heart, said, "Soldiers *from the* Sixty-fourth, your colors are on the top

of yonder hill!" I should like to have seen the precipice that would have deterred the Sixty-fourth Regiment, after words like those from the lips of the Conqueror of Scinde! And now, suppose that you had gone with your common-sense and economic science and proved to them that the colors they were risking their lives to win back were worth but so many shillings of sterling value, tell me, which would the stern workers of the Sixty-fourth Regiment have found it easiest to understand, common-sense or poetry? Which would they have believed, Science, which said, "It is manufactured silk," or Imagination, whose kingly voice has made it "colors." It is in this sense that the poet has been called, as the name imports, creator, namer, maker. He stamps his own feeling on a form or symbol, names it, and makes it what it was not before; giving to feeling a local habitation and a name, by associating it with form. Before, it was silk, so many square feet; now, it is a thing for which men will die.

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## LOSS OF THE SAN FRANCISCO, 1853.

EDWIN H. CHAPIN.

It must have been a noble spectacle to have seen that ship sail out of port, stretching its proud beak over the sea, and with thundering exultation trampling its sapphire floor. One might have followed its wake with a glistening eye, and said, "There is the great symbol of human progress, there is the consummation of man's triumph over nature! The long results of ages are condensed in that fabric of strength and beauty! Man has compelled the forest, and ravished the mine, and converted the stream, and chained the fire; and now with the eye of science and the hand of skill, he rides in his

triumphal chariot, making a swift, obedient pathway of the deep!"

But, when that dark day burst upon them, and nature with one angry sweep transformed that splendid palace into a floating death-chamber; when ocean lifted up that triumph of man's skill and shook it like a toy, — the interest which hung over that awful desolation was in nothing that man had achieved, but in humanity itself. All the workmanship, all the material splendor, all the skill, were nothing compared to one heart beating amidst that tempest; compared with one groan that rose from that sea of agony, and then was silent forever.

And when I consider the conduct of the gallant captain who, day by day, rode by the side of the shuddering wreck, and in peril maintained the royalty of his manhood, and sent a brother's cheer and a brother's help through the storm; when I think of that noble achievement where the Stars and Stripes and the Cross of St. George were lost and blended in the light of universal humanity, I say to myself, "How does an act like this shed light upon a thousand instances of human depravity! What is any material triumph compared to this moral beauty! And what is the great distinction between rags and coronets, between senates and workshops, when, in the breast of every man, and everywhere, there is possibility of such heroism, such charity, and such splendid performance!"

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## NOBILITY OF LABOR.

ORVILLE DEWEY.

I CALL upon those whom I address, to stand up for the nobility of labor. It is Heaven's great ordinance *for human improvement*. Let not that great ordi-

nance be broken down. What do I say? It is broken down, and it has been broken down for ages. Let it then be built up again, here, if anywhere, on these shores of a new world, of a new civilization. But how, I may be asked, is it broken down? Do not men toil? They do indeed toil, but they too generally do it because they must. Many submit to it as in some sort a degrading necessity, and they desire nothing so much on earth as an escape from it. They fulfil the great law of labor in the letter, but break it in the spirit; fulfil it with the muscle, but break it with the mind. To some field of labor, mental or manual, every idler should hasten, as a chosen and coveted theatre of improvement. But so he is not impelled to do under the teachings of our imperfect civilization. On the contrary, he sits down, folds his hands, and blesses himself in his idleness. This way of thinking is the heritage of the unjust feudal system, under which the serfs labored and the gentlemen spent their lives in fighting and feasting. It is time that this opprobrium of toil was done away.

Ashamed to toil, art thou? Ashamed of thy dingy workshop and dusty labor-field? of thy hard hand scarred with service more honorable than that of war? of thy soiled and weather-stained garments, on which Mother Nature has embroidered, 'midst sun and rain, 'midst fire and steam, her own heraldic honors? Ashamed of these tokens and titles, and envious of the flaunting robes of imbecile idleness and vanity? It is treason to Nature! It is impiety to Heaven! It is breaking Heaven's great ordinance! Toil, I repeat, — toil, either of the brain, of the heart, or of the hand, is the only true manhood, the only true *nobility!*

## THE DIGNITY OF LABOR.

NEWMAN HALL.

THE dignity of labor! Consider its achievements! Dismayed by no difficulty, shrinking from no exertion, exhausted by no struggle, ever eager for renewed efforts, in its persevering promotion of human happiness, "clamorous labor knocks with its hundred hands at the golden gate of the morning," obtaining each day fresh benefactions for the world! Labor clears the forest and drains the morass and makes "the wildness rejoice and blossom as the rose." Labor drives the plough, scatters the seeds, reaps the harvest, grinds the corn, and converts it into bread, the staff of life. Labor gathers the gossamer web of the caterpillar, the cotton from the field, the fleece from the flock, and weaves it into raiment, soft and warm and beautiful, — the purple robe of the prince and the gray gown of the peasant being alike its handiwork. Labor moulds the brick, and splits the slate, and quarries the stone, and shapes the column, and rears not only the humble cottage, but the gorgeous palace, the tapering spire, and the stately dome. Labor, diving deep into the solid earth, brings up its long-hidden stores of coal to feed ten thousand furnaces, and in millions of habitations to defy the winter's cold. Labor explores the rich veins of deeply buried rocks, extracting the gold and silver, the copper and tin. Labor melts the iron, and moulds it into a thousand shapes for use or ornament, from the massive pillar to the tiniest needle, from the ponderous anchor to the wire gauze. Labor hews down the gnarled oak, and shapes the timber, and

builds the ship, and guides it over the deep, plunging through the billows and wrestling with the tempest, to bear to our shores the produce of every clime. Labor, laughing at difficulties, spans majestic rivers, carries viaducts over marshy swamps, suspends bridges over deep ravines, pierces the solid mountain with its dark tunnel, blasting rocks and filling hollows, and, while linking together, with its iron but loving grasp, all nations of the earth, verifying, in a literal sense, the ancient prophecy, "Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be brought low!" Labor draws forth its delicate iron thread, and stretching it from city to city, from province to province, through mountains, and beneath the sea, realizes more than fancy ever fabled while it constructs a chariot on which speech may outstrip the wind, for the telegram flies as rapidly as thought itself. Labor, a mighty magician, walks forth into a region uninhabited and waste. He looks earnestly at the scene so quiet in its desolation, then waving his wonder-working wand, those dreary valleys smile with golden harvests, the furnace blazes, the anvil rings, the busy wheel whirls round, the town appears. The mart of commerce, the hall of science, the temple of religion, rear their lofty fronts. A forest of masts, gay with varied pennons, rises from the harbor; representatives of far-off regions make it their resort. Science enlists the elements of earth and heaven in its service. Art, awakening, clothes its strength with beauty. Civilization smiles, Liberty is glad, Humanity rejoices, Piety exults, for the voice of Industry and Gladness is heard in the land.

## PUBLIC OPINION.

CANON FARRAR.

THE point of view from which I shall speak is that of total abstinence. It is, I know, the unpopular view, the depreciated view, the despised view. By taking it, I rank myself among those of whom some speak as unpractical bigots and ignorant fanatics. But because I believe it, in the present need, to be the only effective remedy for an otherwise hopeless evil, therefore I take it, undeterred. Public opinion is a grand power. It is a mighty engine for good, if we can array it on our side. He who despises it must be either more or less than man; he must be puffed up by a conceit which mars his usefulness, or he must be too abject to be reached by scorn. He, therefore, that affects to despise public opinion, stands self-condemned. But yet, public opinion has many a time been arrayed on the side of wrong, and he who is not afraid to brave it in defence of righteousness; he who, in a cause which he knows to be good, but which his fellow-men do not yet understand, is willing to be ranked among idiots and fools, — he is a partaker with all those who, through faith and patience, have inherited the promises.

It was thus — it was for the cause of scientific truth — that Roger Bacon bore his long imprisonment, and Galileo sat contented in his cell. It was thus — it was for the cause of religious truth — that Luther stood undaunted before kings. It was thus that, to wake the base slumbers of a greedy age, Wesley and Whitefield were content to

> "Stand pilloried on Infamy's high stage,
> And bear the pelting scorn of half an age."

It was thus that Wilberforce faced in Parliament the sneers and rage of wealthy slave-owners. It was thus, "in the teeth of clinched antagonisms," that education was established, that missions were founded, that the cause of religious liberty was won.

The persecuted object of to-day is the saint and exemplar of to-morrow. St. John enters the thronged streets of the capital of Asia, as a despised Galilean and an unnoticed exile; but when generations have passed away, it is still his name which clings to its indistinguishable ruins. St. Paul stands in his ragged gabardine, too mean for Gallio's supreme contempt, but to-day the cathedral dedicated to his honor towers over the vast imperial city where the name of Gallio is not so much as heard. Says a great orator, "Count we over the chosen heroes of this earth, and I will show you the men who stood alone, while those for whom they toiled and agonized poured on them contumely and scorn. They were glorious iconoclasts sent out to break down the Dagons worshipped by their fathers. The very martyrs of yesterday, who were hooted at, whom the mob reviled and expatriated, to-day the children of the very generation who mobbed and reviled them are gathering up their scattered ashes to deposit them in the golden urn of their nation's history."

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## THE FATE OF EUROPEAN KINGS.

T. F. MEAGHER.

I WAS one evening on the Ohio, when the river had been swollen with recent rains. The current was passing quickly, but with the placidity that *reminded* me of the old proverb, "Smooth waters *run deep.*" It was early in May. The sky was pale.

Thin clouds with softened outlines, and mingling gently with one another, were moving towards the north. There was something in the air which, if not vivifying, if not genial, was quieting.

From the various incidents that were going on in the boat about me, and the varying features of the scene through which we were gliding, I turned to one object, which, far more forcibly than the rest, attracted my attention. It was a sycamore, a noble-looking tree; noble in its proportions, noble in its profusion, noble in its promise. The birds were in it, on its topmost branches, striking out their wings and uttering their quick notes of joy. Oh, with what a sweet thrill came forth the liquid song from that waving, sparkling foliage! and how confident it made the looker-on, that the tree from which it gushed forth in a thousand mingling streams, would stand, and flourish and put forth its beauty, and rejoice in the fragrant breath of the summers, and stoutly defy the shock of winter for years to come.

It was a dream. I looked downward. The roots were stripped. The earth had been loosened from them, and they glistened like bones, whitened as they were, with the water which tumbled through them, and about them, and over them. One hold alone it seemed to have, but the sleepless element was busy upon that. Even while I looked, the soft mould slipped in flakes from the solitary stay which held the tree erect. There it stood, full of vigor, of beauty, of festive life; full of promise, with a grave, perhaps fathoms deep, open at its feet. The next flood, and the last link must give way, and down must come that lord of the forest, with all his honors, with all his strength, with all his mirth. The remorseless river shall toss him to the thick slime, and then fling him up again, tearing his tangled finery,

and bruising and breaking his proud limbs until, two thousand miles below, on some stagnant swamp, tired of the dead prey, the wild pursuer, chafed and foaming from the chase, shall cast a shapeless log.

"Such," said I, "shall be the fate of European kings. It is now summer with them. Bright leaves are upon the tree, and life and song are among them, but death is at the root. The next flood, and the proud lord shall be overthrown, the waters shall bear him away, and when they have stripped him of his finery, they shall fling him in upon the swamp to rot. Such shall be the fate of European kings, European aristocracies, European despotisms! Who will lament it? Who would avert it? What, though it is now summer with these kings! What, though the evil ones have been exalted, and the perjured have been named holy, and the blood of the people is mixed with the wine of princes, and illuminations bewilder the memory of those who mourn, and the reign of the wicked is a jubilee and his power supreme! What recks it? It shall pass as the dream of the drunkard, as the crown of pride from the drunkard of Ephraim!"